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PENROSE POINTS OUT PERIL OF FREE TRADE

Urges People to Think Well Before Voting in Favor of Change.

TARIFF IS SAFEGUARD

In Brilliant Speech at McKinley Day Banquet at Pittsburg, Senior Senator Sounds Keynote of Coming Presidential Campaign.

There is food for serious thought in the speech of Senator Boies Penrose, delivered at the McKinley Day dinner in Pittsburg on Monday night. That the danger of the country swinging headlong into free trade conditions is imminent, Senator Penrose frankly states, and because of this he makes the very timely suggestion that before the people make this plunge they pause and recall the conditions which existed during the last period of free trade and Democratic supremacy. Senator Penrose said:

The Republican party has now been in power continuously for nearly sixteen years. This is a long period for any political party to maintain supremacy. It becomes all the more remarkable when we realize that the party, with the exception of the Cleveland administration, has been in more or less control of the Government since the civil war.

Since McKinley was elected a new generation of voters has grown up; men who did not vote or were too young to realize the conditions prior to 1897 and the uncertainty of the presidential struggle and the great efforts put forth to achieve success are now in the vigor of mature manhood.

It is not surprising perhaps that in the minds of many if not most of them the issues of 1896 and the unfortunate condition prevailing prior thereto should have become forgotten, if ever thoroughly realized. Constant education regarding the real issues is needed. Perhaps the bitter teaching of experience may again be necessary to restore a real knowledge and appreciation of the vital issues of the Republican party.

Many of us, however, will recall the conditions prevailing during the period of Democratic supremacy. The mere menace of Democratic success immediately brought about the great depression in business of 1893 and 1894, which, unlike the panics of former periods, was not the result of monetary conditions but came almost solely from the fear of the results of political change.

The election of 1892 gave the Democratic party all branches of the Government which have a voice in law-making for the first time since the civil war. A radical platform and the prospect of great changes in the financial policy of the country caused a stoppage of all business enterprises with the resulting disasters.

Never before in the history of the United States had the country been in a more prosperous condition than it was in the beginning of Mr. Cleveland's administration. In industrial production, in magnitude of domestic exchanges, and in foreign trade the country had reached its highest mark. Railroad earnings had been the largest in any year and failures had been the smallest in number for a long period.

In iron manufacturing and in woolen and cotton industries additional works and extensions were being constructed. But the panic or depression of 1893 did not abate and the close of the Democratic period found nearly every business enterprise suspended or running on the smallest scale. The people of the whole country waited patiently and looked to the success of the Republican party in the election of William McKinley as the only remedy to put an end to conditions and to restore business confidence.

The uncertainties of the Democratic regime had become realities by the passage of the Wilson bill. It is estimated that this measure cost the country in business loss and stagnation more than the entire cost of the civil war. Giving round figures and taking conditions in Pennsylvania alone from the annual report on industrial statistics of our State, it is found that there was a decided decline in business activity as soon as the effects of the Cleveland administration could be felt.

During the first year of "tariff reform" there was a decrease of over 10 1-2 per cent in the number of persons employed, of nearly 15 1-2 per cent in the total wages, and of nearly a similar percentage in the average wages paid which in the following year were still further reduced nearly 11 per cent. And there was a reduction of over 16 per cent in the value of the products. This decline in business continued during the second and fourth years of the Cleveland administration.

With the inauguration of the McKinley administration there was immediately a turn for the better during the year. With the passage of the Dingley bill these increases became very marked being accompanied also by an increase in the average wages of all employees. In 1899 a marked increase is shown in all lines in Pennsylvania. In the rolled iron and steel industry there is an increase of 30 per cent in the number of men employed compared with 1896; and 64 per cent in the wages paid. In pig iron 31 per cent increase in men employed, and 63 per cent in wages paid. In tin plate works an increase of 140 per cent in men employed, and 192 per cent in wages paid.

Similar fluctuations were found in Massachusetts, New York and other States. As an illustration of the great prosperity brought about by McKinley it is sufficient to recall that there were 50,000 more persons employed by the railroads during the first year of the McKinley administration than during the last year of Cleveland's administration. There was an increase of over 100,000 persons so employed during the two years of McKinley's administration as compared with the decline of over 50,000 during the administration of Cleveland. Wages steadily increased from 5 to 40 per cent.

It seems incredible that the terrible experiences of the regime of free trade coupled with the threat of free silver should be so soon forgotten. Failures and suspensions, closed banks, lack of employment, reduced wages, strikes and boycotts throughout the country, the march of Coxey's army, the great labor commotions in Chicago and elsewhere, lock-outs, conflicts and disturbances, industrial depression, and poverty and hunger characterized the Democratic period.

I yield to no man in my devotion to good government. I am willing to discuss and consider in a spirit of fairness all legislation looking to the advancement, progress, and the correction of abuses. That abuses exist is admitted by all and we point with pride to the achievements of the Republican party in the executive and legislative departments in the correction of these abuses.

I hope to agree with most Republicans most of the time and shall at all times abide by the decision of the majority. The Republican party is the best practical machine to bring about results for the country.

It is well to consider the moral betterment of the country, but we should not forget the industrial and commercial prosperity of the country. On the latter depends our individual happiness and our supremacy as a nation among other competing nations of the world.

The demagogue conjuring up evils and proclaiming patented remedies should not distract us from the vital issues. William McKinley said, "The Republican party stands for honest money and the chance of earning it by honest toil." Abraham Lincoln declared. "That some may be rich shows that others may become rich and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is homeless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself; thus by example assuring that his own shall be saved from violence when built."

Let all take warning so that if we should have a repetition of conditions prior to McKinley's election all men may know that the result has not been brought about without due notice. The danger is imminent.

The Democratic majority in the House of Representatives at the extra session of Congress last summer passed a wool bill, which, in an amended form, passed the Senate. In the opinion of those familiar with the wool industry this bill would have been more disastrous in its effects than the well known Wilson bill. Fortunately the bill was vetoed by a Republican President.

How many people in the United States today realize what were the effects of the Wilson bill on the wool industry? Perhaps only part of the great army of wool growers, and laborers employed by them and their dependent families, and the farmers devoted to the industry, and the inhabitants of the mountainous regions in the West and the plains of the West which had become valuable chiefly because of their adaptability to the sheep raising, may recall it. The practical effect was, considering only one phase of the industry, that in Oregon, Utah, Washington, Idaho and Western Montana there were nearly 7,000,000 sheep in 1892 prior to the presidential election worth some $13,500,000 and these in 1896, at the close of Cleveland's administration, very greatly diminished in number, and reduced in

Continued on page 4.

BELLEFONTE ELECTRIC MAY BUY GREEN MILL

Rumored on Street Negotiations Now UnderWay for Purchase

IS OWNED BY BOROUGH

Reported That Local Company Wants Property for Additional Power—Scootoc Company, of Lock Haven, Wants Franchise.

The Bellefonte Electric Company may take over the much talked-of Green mill property at Milesburg. A rumor that negotiations are under way for the purchase of the property from Bellefonte borough has been current on the street during the last few days. Thus far the rumor has not been confirmed, nor has there been any formal development in the matter. No announcement has been made by those in position to know the facts.

During the last few years the Green mill property has been the subject of no end of discussion. It was originally purchased by Bellefonte borough with a view to erecting a municipal lighting plant. The property is regarded as valuable because of its water power. The deal to build a municipal lighting plant fell through and ever since there have been rumors of the property passing into the hands of others interested in electric lighting and power projects.

The latest of these rumors is to the effect that the Bellefonte Electric Company contemplates taking over the property with a view to thus obtaining additional power for its local lighting and power plant. The company now furnishes light and power both day and night. Many persons are installing electric power, thus increasing the demand on the capacity of the present plant.

When representatives of the Scootac Power Company, of Lock Haven, were in Bellefonte several days ago they stated explicitly that they were not figuring on taking over the Green mill property. They will, however, ask Bellefonte council for a franchise for the borough. They explained that they proposed transmitting electricity to Bellefonte for lighting and power purposes and that their plans would not necessarily include utilizing the power available at the Green mill property.

It has also been rumored that Clearfield parties were figuring on the Green mill property, but thus far there has been no developement of material importance along this line. The prevailing belief on the street is that if the Green mill property is sold it will be to the Bellefonte Electric company.

TRIAL LIST

Case Scheduled for Consideration at Next Term of Court.

The following cases have been listed for next term of court, which convenes on Monday, Friday 26:

FIRST WEEK

George Confer vs. W. E. Hurley, Sheriff; appeal.

Ada Fisher vs. W. E. Hurley, Sheriff; appeal.

Frank Columbine vs. W. E. Hurley; Sheriff appeal.

Burroughs Adding Machine Co. vs. Pittsburg & Susquehanna Railroad Co.; appeal.

Howard Iron & Tool Co. vs. Penna. Railroad Co.; appeal.

Philipsburg borough vs. U. S. Grant Way and William Way; appeal.

Robert Cole vs. Centre County; appeal.

SECOND WEEK.

Penn Chemical Co. vs. Mary C. Ammerman; trespass.

E. Hugg vs. Mrs. Nancy Sheckler; ejectment.

Mary Kauffman vs. Celia and Henry Mirbach; assumpsit.

J. I. Wagner vs. A. R. Moon, George Berryhill, John Morrison Thomas Winslow, W. H. Austin and W. S. West, secretary of Y. M. C. A.; sci fa sur judgment.

Samuel S. Osman vs. Spring township; trespass.

Receivers of Washington National Building & Loan Association vs. A. C. Bowes; sci fa sur mortgage.

Same vs. James Egan heirs; sci fa sur mortgage.

Same vs. Susan Snyder; sci fa sur mortgage.

W. C. Lingle vs. Gellatly Co. Inc.; trespass.

James A Noonan vs. Bellefonte borough; assumpsit.

W. H. Bradford vs. M. D. Kelley and others, trading as the Quaker City Coal Co.; assumpsit.

"The Republican" only $1. a year.

METHODIST CONFERENCE

Arranging for Meeting to be Held in Williamsport in March.

Final deails in preparation for the forty-fourth session of the Central Pennsylvania Methodist Episcopal conference to be held in Pine Street church, Williamsport, in March, are now being made by the pastor of Pine Street, Rev. Edwin A. Pyles, and the committees, composed of local laymen and the pastors of other Methodist churches. The Williamsport Sun says the opening session of the conference will be held in the big auditorium of the church on Tuesday evening, March 19, when Dr. True Wilson, of Chicago, secretary of the temperance society of the Methodist church, will deliver the sermon.

From present indications the attendance at the sessions will be the largest in years. Considerable interest is attached to the election for delegates to the general conference of the church, which is held in May, and to the appointment of presiding elders to the Altoona and Danville districts, the incumbents of which have reached the time limit.

Conference sessions will be held each morning during the week and will be presided over by Bishop W. F. McDowell. The bishop will deliver an address each morning at 8.30 o'clock. The afternoons and evenings of the conference week will be devoted to various anniversaries of church organizations and societies. An interesting feature will be introduced at this conference in a memorial service to be held on Wednesday afternoon, instead of the usual Sunday service. The lecture, which is one of the crowning events of the week, will be delivered by Rev. Charles Wesley Burns, pastor of the First Methodist church, Germantown, Philadelphia, on Friday evening. The laymen's conference, when six lay delegates to the general conference will be elected and votes will be taken on questions of church discipline, will be held on Friday morning, at 10 o'clock. The laymen's convention for the discussion of church questions will follow on Saturday. Sterling Dickson, of Berwick, is president of the Laymen's association.

One of the high water marks of the conference will be reached on Friday morning, when Bishop McDowell will deliver the annual sermon to the class seeking admission. Following this service, the ministers will probably begin balloting for general conference delegates. An interesting feature of the anniversary of the Women's Foreign Missionary society will be the address by Mrs. McDowell, wife of the presiding bishop. Mrs. McDowell is national president of the society and has recently returned from a tour of inspection of all the stations in Japan and China.

But three ministers have died during the last year in striking contrast to the great number who failed to answer the earthly roll call at the session of 1911. The memorial service this year will be held in memory of Rev. E. T. Swartz, of Scranton; Rev. Seth Creveling, of Montoursville, and Rev. B. F. Stevens, of Harrisburg.

Few important changes are expected in the appointments, outside of the natural changes to occur in the superintendencies of the Altoona and Danville districts. Both Rev. Mr. Connor and Rev. Mr. Gilbert having served the full time limit, they will be transferred and new superintendents appointed in their places.

Gov. Tener Aids Messenger Boy.

The Harrisburg Patroit throws the following interesting sidelight on a benevolent phrase of the character of the governor of the commonwealth:

Governor Tener was just entering his office last Friday afternoon, when a messenger boy came along with a telegram The boy was shivering, and his feet were so poorly clad that part of the stockinged feet protruded on the floor and the melting snow from his shoes left marks on the floor.

The governor eyed the boy closely and he shifted uneasily.

"What's your name?" asked the governor.

"Charles Herbert," he replied.

"Have you no other shoes at home!"

"No, sir; this is my only pair."

The governor reached into his pocket and, taking a two-dollar note out, told the boy to go to a store and buy himself a pair.

Mr. Warfield's Office Abolished.

As a result of the death of Frank Warfield, late general freight agent of the Central Railroad Company of Penna., the office of general freight agent has been abolished and the direction of the traffic department will be assumed by W. H. Gephart, president and general manager. M. L. Altenderfer, for years the efficient and capable auditor of the company, has been appointed general tariff agent.

SAY HIGH DEATH RATE IS WITHOUT PARALLEL

Oldest Residents Can Recall No Similar Record in Early Years.

IS DUE TO WEATHER

Physicians Attribute Unusually Large Number of Recent Deaths in Vicinity to Frequent and Sudden Atmospheric Changes.

Not in the recollection of the oldest residents of Bellefonte has this community experienced so many deaths in such a brief period as have occurred in the last two weeks. Physicians attribute the high death rate to the frequent and sudden changes in the weather.

Rev. James P. Hughes, who has passed the four-score mark in years and who has a wonderfully retentive memory, stated a day or two ago that he was unable to recall any short period when so many well known residents of Bellefonte and vicinity had passed away. While at "The Republican" office Mr. Hughes made this interesting comment:

"I have tried to recall a similar period of time when there were as many, or nearly as many, deaths as occurred here and hereabouts recently. I cannot recall any such period. I have never known anything like it."

MRS. E. J. YEAGER DEAD

Passed Away on Monday Night at Home of Daughter at Curtin.

Mrs. Emma Jane Yeager, widow of the late H. C. Yeager, for many years a well known and highly esteemed resident of Bellefonte, died on Monday night, at 9.15 o'clock, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Edward Harper, at Curtin. Her death followed an illness of two weeks and was due to pneumonia. Funeral services were held at the Harper home, at Curtin, yesterday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, after which the body was brought to Bellefonte and taken to the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Yeager, on Spring Street. Services will be held from that place at 2.30 o'clock today, conducted by Rev. R. S. Taylor, of Howard, assisted by Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum, of Bellefonte. Interment will be made in the Union cemetery.

Mrs. Yeager was born at Lewistown, May 14, 1844. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Jane Sourbeck. She was married to H. C. Yeager, who was for many years an honored resident and business man of Bellefonte. She was a devout, Christian woman and was held in affectionate esteem by all who knew her. She was an active member of the Methodist Episcopal church. Surviving are the following children: Mrs. Jack O'Connell, of Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. Edward Harper, of Curtin, and Harry C. and Morris, of Bellefonte. One sister and brother also survive: Mrs. James Dovey, Latrobe, and John D. Sourbeck, of Bellefonte.

Part of His Foot Amputated.

J. W. Neidigh, formerly of Pine Grove Mills, but now located at Altoona, met with a most unfortunate accident on Sunday morning, last, at Cresson. He is a Pennsylvania Railroad brakeman and was working on a train when his right foot got caught between the knuckles of two cars. He was quickly removed to the Altoona hospital, where it was found that the foot was so badly crushed that a part of it had to be amputated. It is greatly feared that all of the foot will have to be amputated as there is danger of gangrene. The young man had a brother killed several years ago while working on a railroad in the South.

Young Mother's Sad Death.

Mrs. James Barrett died at her home in Bellefonte on Tuesday morning, and a newly made home that was prepared for joy and rejoicing was plunged into sorrow and mourning. The life of the child was saved, but that of the young mother was given up as a sacrifice. Before her marriage Mrs. Barrett was Miss Mary Dawson, a daughter of John Dawson. She was but 19 years old. Interment will be made on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock, services being held from the late home of the deceased.

Hospital Notes.

Admitted for medical treatment—Mrs. Carrie Armstrong, Bellefonte.

Operations—Thomas Anderson, 13 years old, Bellefonte; appendicitis.

Discharged—Mrs. Sara Zimmerman and little son, Bellefonte.

ELIZABETH PETRIKIN HARRIS

Death Removes Bellefonte's Oldest Native Born Resident.

In the death of Miss Elizabeth Petrikin Harris, which occurred at the residence of her brother, John P. Harris, on Saturday morning January 27th. at half past four o'clock, Bellefonte loses its oldest native born resident. Aunt Lizzie, as she was familiarly known, was born in the house on the north-west corner of Spring and Bishop Streets, now occupied by Mrs. William Dawson and her daughter and son-in-law Clayton Brown, on the 25th. day of December, 1823, thus making her age at the time of her death eighty eight years, one month and two days. She was the daughter of Samuel and Nancy Harris. Her father was a soldier in the war of 1812, and shortly after the close of that war settled in Bellefonte, where he resided until his death which occurred in 1867, being the result of a runaway accident.

For the past forty years Aunt Lizzie had made her home with her brother, John P. Harris, on Linn Street. Just eighteen days before her death, word was received that her only surviving sister, Mrs. Belle P. Elliott, had passed away at the home of her son, Harry Elliott, in Athens, Tenn. This followed just one week later by the death of her nephew, Frank Warfield, was such a shock to her that she began to fail, a slight cold developed into pneumonia, which on account of her advanced age, and feeble state of health, resulted in her death.

For three quarters of a century she was a consistent member of the Presbyterian church of this place, and rarely missed a Sunday morning service. Unlike most persons of her advanced age, Aunt Lizzie lived in the present as well as the past, and up to the time of her last illness she took the keenest enjoyment out of life. Her memory was remarkable, she could recall events of seventy-five or even eighty years ago, and recite them as vividly as though they had occurred but yesterday, and her recollection of recent events was just as active and accurate as it was of occurrences in the long ago. Death came to her as a gentle messenger, calling upon her to come to meet her relatives and friends who had passed into the great beyond. Her house was in perfect order, and she waited patiently for the summons from the Master whom she had served for so many, many years. God's finger touched her and she slept, only to awaken to behold Him face to face.

MRS. E. M. GLENN DEAD

Well Known and Highly Respected Resident Passed Away at State College.

Death on Monday, January 29, ended a beautiful life when Mrs. Elizabeth Meek Glenn passed away at her late home at State College. She had been ill about six weeks, following a stroke of paralysis. Funeral services today, interment being made in the Meek burying ground, at Fairbrook.

Deceased was the daughter of Reuben H. Meek and Mary Ann Gray, and the oldest of six children, four of whom survive her: Theresa Z., P. Gray Meek, L. Olin and Sara A. Dempster L. Meek, a brother, died less than a year ago. Having married Ephriam Glenn about fifty years ago, she leaves a family of five boys: Dr. W. S. Glenn, of State College; Rev. George M. Glenn, of Philipsburg; Dempster L. Glenn, of Teledo; Dr. Thomas O. Glenn, of Bradford, and Reuben M. Glenn, of Oklahome. Her only daughter, Anna, died a number of years ago. When a child she connected herself with the Methodist Episcopal church and during her entire life was active in the work of the Master. By all who knew her she was loved and admired for her many noble qualities and her passing away is sincerely mourned.

Frank McCoy Critically Ill.

Frank McCoy, one of the most prominent citizens and business men in Bellefonte, is critically at his home on West Linn Street. He suffered a stroke of paralysis on Friday, last, and since that time has not rallied. Many anxious inquiries as to his condition have been made daily at the McCoy home. Thus far the attending physicans have been unable to extend but little hope for his recovery.

Rev. E. L. Williams Ill.

Rev. Elmer L. Williams, whose home is in Unionville but who now is pastor of Grace Street church, in Chicago, Ill., is reported to be very ill in that city.

Spend Winter in Florida.

State Senator Joseph Alexander, of Madera, who represents the Centre-Clearfield district, this week departed for Florida, where he will spend the winter.

Bristol's Dyspeptic Pig

Story of an Up to Date Farmer

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The sun shone down on Frank Bristol's model farm, but there was no sunshine in the heart of its owner, nor did there appear to be gladness in the soul of the owner's pig. That stout, black bristled beast lay inertly on a bed of clean straw against the clean wall of its scientifically built cement pen.

The model farmer sat on the top of the cement wall watching his black pig with anxious eyes. The pig had been lying there since morning, scarcely noticing the trough full of sweet milk and potato parings that Bristol's housekeeper had reluctantly placed there.

"Sweet milk's too good for pigs, Mr. Bristol," Ann Dangler had said as sharply as she dared.

"Sweet food makes sweet pork," replied the model farmer coolly, and Ann had tossed her head and returned to her kitchen to bang the pots and kettles about.

"It looks as if it was going to make dead pork this time," she grumbled.

Quite regardless of Ann Dangler's opinions, Frank Bristol continued to sit on the wall of his pigpen and contemplate the prostrate form of its solitary occupant. He was a handsome pig, sleek and clean, as befitted a pig living in a scientifically built and cleanly pen. But he was ailing. For two days he had moped around the pen and refused to eat of the delicious food set forth by the highly scandalized housekeeper.

"It's indigestion," concluded the model farmer, again consulting the farm manual issued by his alma mater—the agricultural college he attended. "This book says to 'compel the animal to take exercise—prod it with a stick until it runs violently around its inclosure. This mode of treatment, combined with a feeding of thin gruel, formed of two parts of white cornmeal to one part of skimmilk, will soon restore the pig to normal health.' Hum! I guess I'll go and tell Ann to make the gruel."

"Make gruel for a sick pig—never!" cried Ann Dangler when Mr. Bristol mildly made this suggestion, waving the farm manual as authority.

"Why not, Ann?"

"Because it's all nonsense. Leave him alone, Mr. Bristol, and he'll be all right. He's too clean to be real healthy. Why, pigs has been raised for years and years in all kinds of pens, and I never heard of one being sick before. This one's took cold from your turning the hose on him the other day."

"If you'll have the gruel ready at 4 o'clock I'll come in for it," was Mr. Bristol's reply to this pointed harangue.

When she was alone Ann Dangler meekly stirred the fire and set on a kettle of skimmed milk. That was always the way these arguments with Frank Bristol ended. It was apparent that there was room for only one "boss" on the model farm.

Meanwhile Bristol had provided himself with the necessary prod in the shape of a boathook and had made his way to the pigpen.

The animal was breathing heavily, now and then grunting a bass note.

Frank Bristol opened the patent gate and stepped inside, closing the gate behind him. He went up behind the unsuspecting porker and prodded him gently with the sharp end of the boathook.

With an astonished squeal the pig bounded from his bed and ran to the farther corner of the pen.

"What are you doing in there?" demanded a nasal voice.

Bristol turned around. "Ah, Mr. Daley, how are you today?"

"Pretty fair. Don't seem to be nothing the matter with your pig."

"I'm forcing him to take a little exercise," said Bristol, once more jabbing the pig with the boat hook and sidestepping as the animal raced around the pen. "He's got a bad case of indigestion, and I'm trying to cure it."

Ben Daley opened a capacious mouth and roared. "Who ever heard of a pig having indigestion?" he questioned between roars. "If he's reely sick, Mr. Bristol, you better make him up a mess of hog fennel and make him drink it. That'll do him more good than running around like that. Hawgs waren't created to take vi'lent exercise. 'Tain't their natur' so to do."

"This—one—seems—to—take—to—it—pretty—naturally!" puffed Bristol, as he dodged to and fro, getting in jabs at the infuriated pig.

"You mark my words, young man, you'll have that there pig chasing you before long!" was Ben Daley's ominous parting when he went.

Frank Bristol had realized this already. Whatever had been the matter with his pet pig, the animal had appeared to have recovered from the malady with unexpected rapidity and, try as he might, the model farmer could not escape from the path of the charging beast long enough to unfasten the patent gate and get out of the pen.

Now and then the race around the inclosure reached a stage when Frank Bristol was in pursuit of the pig, but that was when the pig fell behind a little. Once Frank turned and yelled "Shoo!" at the pig, just as a woman would have done, but the pig only dropped his snout to the ground and charged at him.

"I—wish—I—hadn't—made—this—wall—quite—so—high!" panted Frank Bristol as he dodged a sudden feint of the pig and was finally compelled to jump clear over the animal.

"I—wish—Ann Dangler—would—bring—out that gru-u-el!" he said later, as he stumbled over the trough and arose with one hand dripping with milk. This time the pig nearly reached him. He managed to jab again at the pig, and the pig stopped in front of the patent gate to take stock of his wounds and grunt defiance at his owner. It was at that moment Frank heard voices outside the high stone wall of the pigpen.

One voice was the shrill utterance of Ann Dangler; the other voice belonged to the girl but for whom he would never have become a farmer. He had once been engaged to Violet Sloan, but Violet's lovely auburn head had been turned by the worship of a dozen other admirers, and they had quarreled, and Frank had closed up his real estate office and taken to scientific farming. "Getting next to nature," was one way of describing the case.

"He's in the pigpen most likely," Ann Dangler was saying in a hostile voice.

"Pigpen!" shrieked Violet Sloan's accents. "What on earth is he doing in such a filthy place?"

"Filthy!" returned Ann Dangler. "I guess you never see a pigpen that wasn't filthy except this one. 'Tain't natural for a pig to live so clean, I say. Why, Mr. Bristol even turns the hose on him once a week, and that's what's the matter now. The pig has caught cold from being too clean."

"Nonsense," returned Violet. "Who ever heard of any one thriving in dirt? If Frank must raise pigs I'm glad they are nice clean pigs in a cement pigpen."

"Humph!" was Ann's reply as she followed the daintily dressed girl to the cement wall.

"Ah, here is a gate! Shall we go and look inside?" asked Violet, and without waiting for Ann's reply she moved toward the patent gate, Ann trotting close behind. The sight that met their eyes glued them to the patent gate.

Around and around the circular pen raced the weary form of the model farmer. Behind him trotted with dogged persistency the dyspeptic pig. Whenever Bristol showed a tendency to slacken his gait the pig grunted and cantered faster.

Once the pig darted into the covered sleeping pen, and Bristol shot to the door and endeavored to roll the sliding portal to its place, but in vain. It stuck, and ere Bristol could move it the pig dashed out again, shooting the model farmer to an ignominious position on the straw of the pen.

Thoroughly angry, Bristol swung the boat hook as the beast only to have the slippery handle slide through his hands to the far side of the pen.

Now he was without a weapon. Then the pig charged him again, grunting angrily.

He did not dare look at the gate, though he was conscious of feminine forms standing there. He was too excited to wonder what Violet Sloan was doing there. He was mentally composing a letter to be written to the author of the article in the farm manual on "Dyspepsia In Pigs." In this imaginary letter there were many underscored words and countless exclamation points and innumerable interrogation points.

He was still doing this humiliating marathon around the scientifically built pigpen when he heard an indignant cry from Ann Dangler. From the corner of his eye, as he ran ahead of the pig, he saw Violet Sloan snatch Ann Dangler's pink sunbonnet from her tow colored head, saw Violet's lithe form slip inside the patent gate, saw her intercept the pig with one flash of the pink bonnet and witnessed an instant later that animal rushing to the far side of the inclosure with frightened squeals, while the pink sunbonnet was tied over his snout and eyes.

"Hurry through—dear!" cried Violet Sloan, holding the gate open for her one time lover to escape.

As the gate slammed behind them Ann Dangler flounced toward the house, her sunbonnetless head held high in the air—a very model of scandalized virtue.

"Dear!" she sniffed contemptuously as she rocked to and fro in the calico covered kitchen rocker. "Call him 'dear'—a man I wouldn't look at twice! I wonder who she is?"

At that instant Mr. Bristol appeared at the door, leading Violent Sloan by the hand. They both looked very happy. "I suppose you wonder who this lady is, Ann Dangler," remarked Bristol pleasantly. "This is now Miss Sloan. Later on she will be Mrs. Bristol and the boss of the model farm!"

"But no more dyspeptic pigs," said Violet decisively. "Poor Frank has run off all the flesh he gained by being in the country here, and the pig is dead—dead as a doornail!"

And the local veterinarian declared that the pig died of acute dyspepsia, induced by too violent exercise after eating.

Ann Dangler insisted that it was because the pig was too scientifically clean.

Ben Daley said it must have been the way the wind was.

Violet Sloan and Frank Bristol—and they were the only two whose opinion on the subject mattered, as the pig was dead—did not say a word. They had not heard anything except their own voices discussing the wedding details.

A Sixth Sense.

An interesting discussion rose at a recent college lecture concerning the "instinct of direction" possessed so marvelously by savage race and by animals. Undoubtedly animals are aided largely by scent. In the case of humans it is different, and some of the pupils argued that the primitive man is able to find his way in the densest forest without taking note of the sun, the wind, the lay of the land or the course of the stream. Therefore it was said he must be guided by a sixth sense because none of the regular five senses could aid him. Other pupils, however, argued that the Indian found his way in places where there were no apparent guides because he knew how, because he had learned all his life how to do it, just as the writer, for instance, will write page after page of copy, spelling all the words correctly, but yet cannot if asked to spell a simple word. This is because he learned the words long ago and his spelling is purely mechanical. It is so with the Indian finding his way through the woods.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Fiction or History.

After all, fiction is not always the worst place in which to look for history. There is a story of Mr. Disraeli at the time of his extremely bumptuous youth when he had just returned from his travels in the east. As a young man, much under thirty, he met Lord Melbourne, who was then prime minister, at dinner. Lord Melbourne proceeded to discourse on the eastern question, but instead of listening to the prime minister with the respect which he ought young Disraeli said, "It seems to me that your lordship has taken your knowledge of the east from 'The Arabian Nights.'"

Some prime ministers I have known would have snubbed the young man severely. Lord Melbourne was not of that kind. He rubbed his hands with great cheerfulness and said to the young man, "And a devilish good place to take it from!"—Lord Rosebery in an Edinburgh Address.

Warming the Eggs.

There was once an old lady in Scotland who kept a few hens. As she lived close to the house in which a church minister lived he asked her to send him two new laid eggs every morning and he would pay her for them.

So the old lady sent her girl to the minister's house every moning with two eggs, and the minister's servant always thought the eggs were newly laid because they felt quite warm, as if they had just been taken from the hen's nest.

But one day the eggs were cold, so the servant asked: "Are the eggs fresh today, Janey? They do not seem warm."

The simple girl looked at the maid and then said, "Ou, aye, they're quite fresh, only my mother could not get the cat to sit on them this morning, as it ran away."

Locating Icebergs.

The captain of an ocean steamer in most cases finds out when his vessel is approaching an iceberg from the men down in the engine room. That sounds queer, but it is a fact nevertheless. It appears that when a steamship enters water considerably colder than that through which it has been going its propeller runs faster. Such water usually surrounds the vicinage of icebergs for many miles. When the propeller's action therefore is accelerated without the steam power being increased word is passed up to the officer on the bridge that icebergs may be expected, and a close lookout for them is established. There are natural reasons for the propeller acting in this way, and sea captains will assert the same thing.

A Remarkable Shawl.

The empress of Russia was once presented with a shawl of a remarkable kind. It is contained in a box only a few inches square, in which it fits easily, yet when it is shaken out it is ten yards square. This notable gift was the work of some women weavers in Orenberg, southern Russia, by whom it was presented. The box containing it is of wood, with hinges, hoops and fastenings of beaten silver.

Trapped.

"I saw the cutest thing today," began Miss Passay coyly. "It was a painting of the—er—what is the name of that little god that represents matrimony?"

"Well, now," said Mr. Timmid, "you've got me."

"Oh, Mr. Timmid, this is so sudden!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Force of Habit.

A burglar went home one night, fumbled noiselessly at the keyhole and let himself in without making a sound. He was about to creep softly upstairs when his wife appeared on the upper landing. "Dan," said she, "wot makes ye come in so quiet?" "Blame it," bellowed the burglar, "I thought I was in another house!"

The Puzzling Point.

Teacher—And did you make out a list of the nine greatest men in the history of the world, as I told you? Willie—Almost. I can't pick out the best catcher, though, to save my neck.—Puck.

A Taste of It.

Missionary—And do you know nothing whatever of religion? Cannibal—Well, we got a taste of it when the last missionary was here.—Toledo Blade.

One virtue will efface many vices; one vice will efface many virtues.—Balzac.

The Trouble With the Meat.

Stepping into a small restaurant, a grouchy old man demanded of the waiter a certain piece of meat he had in the show window.

"But," said the waiter, "we"—

"No buts," replied the old man. "You bring me what I ask for or I won't get anything here at all."

Rather than lose a customer, the waiter did as he was told and, getting the piece of meat, took it back to be cooked. After a long wait the meat was brought to the customer, who, instead of thanking the waiter, said, "Look here, young man, what is the matter with this meat?"

"Nothing is the matter with it, sir, except that the paint on it has formed a few blisters from the heat."

"Why, what do you mean by that?" asked the old man.

"Simply this," replied the waiter. "Those pieces of meat you saw in the window were not made to eat. They were made for advertising purposes, but you insisted, sir, upon having one of 'em."—Philadelphia Times.

Napoleon's Custodian at St. Helena.

Sir Hudson Lowe, the man appointed by England to be the custodian of the emperor, arrived at St. Helena on April 14, 1816. His appearance was not prepossessing. He was extraordinarily thin, with a stiff carriage. He had a long, bony face blotched with red and scanty hair of a dirty yellow color. His hollow eyes gleamed under thick reddish eyebrows, but were furtive and restless, never looking straight at any one save by stealth.

"That is a bad man," declared Napoleon when he had seen him. "His eye as he examined me was like a hyena's caught in a trap."

He really resembled this horrid, sly animal in its walk as well as in hair and eyes. He never sat down when he was talking, but swung about hesitatingly and with abrupt jerks.—Stokoe, "With Napoleon at St. Helena."

The Stork's Lazy House Building.

The most interesting sight in the Rotterdam zoo was the stork, whose nest is set high on a pinnacle of the buffalo house. He was building in the leisurely style of the British workingman. He would negligently descend from the heavens with a stick. This he would lay on the fabric and then carefully perform his toilet, looking round and down all the time to see that every one else was busy. Whenever his eye lighted on a toddling child or a perambulator it visibly brightened. "My true work!" he seemed to say. "This nest building is mere bypaths of industry." After drinking and overlooking and congratulating himself thus for a few minutes he would stroll off over the housetops for another stick. He was unquestionably a king of the garden.—Lucas in "A Wanderer in Holland."

The Way Out.

A well known Boston physician was on his way to his office one winter morning when the sidewalks were a glare of ice. While going down the street he met a lady coming in the opposite direction. The lady was a stranger to him, although he was not unknown to her.

In trying to avoid each other on the icy pavement they both slipped and came to the sidewalk facing each other, with their pedal extremities considerably entangled. While the polite doctor was debating in his mind what was the proper thing to do under the trying circumstances the problem was solved by the quick witted lady, who quietly remarked:

"Doctor, if you will be good enough to rise and pick out your legs I will take what remains."

Safety Valves of the World.

Terrific as are the forces of volcanic action, they have served and do yet serve their ordained purpose in the magnificent scheme of cosmic development. Volcanoes form a natural vent for the pentup internal forces resulting from the slow cooling and consolidation of the earth's mass. They act as the safety valves of the world, without which the crust of the earth would in all probability burst with explosive force and with a resulting cataclysm appalling to contemplate. Volcanoes tend, in fact, to maintain the normal stable equilibrium between the interior and the outer surface of the world.

Strong Hold.

Bill—Experiments with thousands of subjects have shown that the average man attains his maximum strength in his thirty-first year.

Jill—A woman's strong age is twenty-eight, I suppose.

"Why?"

"Haven't you noticed how they hold on to it?"—Yonkers Statesman.

A Richer Strike.

"Is it true that Maude refused a man worth a million?"

"It is."

"Was she crazy or in love?"

"Neither. She accepted a man worth two millions."—Boston Transcript.

Dodging Indigestion.

Hoax—Sillicus was engaged to an heiress. I wonder why he broke it off? Joax—He had an attack of indigestion, and the doctor told him to avoid all rich things.—Philadelphia Record.

Spiteful.

"Why do you hate him?"

"He has been knocking me to the girl I go with."

"What did he tell her?"

"What my salary is."—Houston Post.

He Was Dense.

Blobbs—When she wasn't looking I kissed her. Slobbs—What did she do? Blobbs—Refused to look at me for the rest of the evening.—Philadelphia Record.

Will Give $500 to Sick of Bellefonte and Vicinity

Indiana Scientist Who Originated the Now Famous "Home Treatment" Offers $1.00 Treatment Free to Sick and Ailing.

In order that every reader of the Republican who needs treatment may have an opportunity to test this celebrated medicine, the now famous Indiana scientist has come to the front with an offer to give absolutely free a full size $1.00 package to five hundred persons to prove the wonderful claims which have been made for it. In making this offer the scientist said: "I know that there are many people who have been suffering for years with some chronic disease and many of them have spent large sums of money seeking a cure. I know that these people hesitate about investing money in medicine because they have despaired of ever getting well. Thousands have told me that story and many thousands of the same people have told me afterwards that my treatment had cured them after doctors and everything else had failed. I want to show these despairing people that all the newspaper talk about my treatment is absolutely true. I want to prove to a limited number—no matter what the disease, no matter how long they may have suffered, no matter how blue and discouraged—that my treatment really and actually does accomplish the wonderful results that have been reported."

People who suffer from Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, Stomach Trouble, Liver or Bowel Disorders, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Chronic Coughs, Weak Lungs, Lumbago, Piles, Urinary Disorders, Female Weaknesses of any kind, the weak, worn out, broken-down and despondent will be delighted at the effect of a few doses. This wonderful treatment creates a fine appetite and helps the digestive organs to carry on their functions as they should. It strengthens the kidneys, too, and drives rheumatism poisons from the blood as if by magic. That is why people who try it become so enthusiastic.

Any reader of the Republican who will try this extraordinary medicine that has created so much excitement by its cures can obtain absolutely free a full $1.00 treatment by simply filling in the coupon below or writing a letter describing their case in their own words, if they prefer, and mailing it today to James W. Kidd, Fort Wayne, Indiana, No money need be sent and no charge of any kind will be made

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Name _____

Post Office _____ State _____

Street or R. F. D. No. _____

Age _____ How long afflicted? _____

Make a cross (X) before diseases you have. Two crosses (XX) before the one from which you suffer most.

....Rheumatism	....Kidney Trouble	....Impure Blood	....Female Weakness
....Lumbago	....Bladder Trouble	....Anemia	....Womb Trouble
....Catarrh	....Weak Lungs	....Pimples	....Ovarian Trouble
....Constipation	....Chronic Cough	....Eczema	....Irregular Periods
....Piles	....Malaria	....Neuralgia	....Painful Periods
....Diarrhoea	....Asthma	....Headache	....Delayed Periods
....Torpid Liver	....Hay Fever	....Dizziness	....Hot Flashes
....Indigestion	....Heart Trouble	....Nervousness	....Bearing Down Pain
....Stomach Trouble	....Poor Circulation	....Obesity	....Leucorrhoea

Give any other symptoms on a separate sheet. Correspondence in all languages.

The Air Mile.

The air mile is a unit of measurement that came into use with the advancement of aviation. We have the land mile and the sea mile, which is approximately one-seventh longer than the land mile of America. The nautical mile is often incorrectly called a knot, but a knot is a measure of both distance and time. It is correct to say that a vessel makes ten knots, but to say that she makes ten knots an hour is tautology. The air mile is measured differently from the land mile and the sea mile. It is a land mile minus the retardation of an adverse wind or plus the acceleration of a favoring wind. Thus an aviator could cover many air miles while hovering over a given point on the earth's surface.—Browning's Magazine.

Watching Sponges Grow.

Outside the harbor of Sfax, Tunisia, in the shallow water of the clear Mediterranean, is situated a biological laboratory for the study of sponges. It is one of the most unique in the world and affords opportunity for observing the development of the sponge from tiny larva, so small that it can only be studied under a microscope until five years later it has developed into a perfect sponge.

How Sheridan Paid a Debt.

No one knew better the power possessed by a really polished compliment than Sheridan, and on innumerable occasions during that rather stormy theatrical management of his did he extricate himself from a difficulty by means of one. A good instance is the following: An English nobleman who had married a beautiful actress once applied with much dignity in the greenroom to Mr. Sheridan for the arrears of her salary and vowed that he would not stir till they were paid.

"My dear lord," said the impecunious manager, "this is too bad. You have taken from us the brightest jewel in the world, and you now quarrel with us for the little dust she has left behind her."

The nobleman immediately burst out laughing, and the debt was canceled.—London Standard.

The Sound Sleep of Good Health

Is not for those suffering from kidney ailments and irregularities. The prompt use of Foley kidney Pills will dispel backache and rheumatism, heal and strengthen sore, weak and ailing kidneys, restore normal action, and with it health and strength. Mrs. M. F. Spalsbury, Sterling, Ill., says: "I suffered great pain in my back and kidneys, could not sleep at night, and could not raise my hands over my head. But two bottles of Foley Kidney Pills cured me." Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Many Children are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Trouble, Teething Disorder, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed Free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Warning Against Wet Feet.

Wet and chilled feet usually affect the mucous membrane of the nose, throat and lungs, and la grippe, bronchitis or pneumonia may result. Watch carefully, particularly the children, and for the racking stubborn coughs take Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It soothes the inflamed membranes, and heals the cough quickly. Take no substitute. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Special Sales.

Used engines and fixtures; smoke stack; spark arrester; automatic mill and saws; shafting and bearings; iron pulleys; mandrels; heavy iron jack cylinder; drag saw and bolters; store counters and tables; shop soiled sash, doors and shutters; odd lots of lumber, flooring and moulding; three buggies; also first-class lumber and mill work of all kinds.

P. B. CRIDER & SON.
Office at Lamb Street Bridge, Bellefonte, Penna.

LAMP—200 hours of light for 1 cent. Makes and burns its own gas from kerosene oil, which is vaporized by a glass bulb burner. Scientific wonder of the world. Lamps used where people have electric lights. Makes it possible to sell to every household. Lamp made entirely of brass. Riches awaiting you. Rush $1.50. Complete lamp will be sent, charges paid. We guarantee lamp as above stated or your money returned. Town county and state agents wanted. Lamp a whirlwind seller. Pat. U. S. A. foreign countries. NEW PROCESS MFG CO., 2 Lamp Room, Salina, Kas.

How Cold Affects the Kidney.

Avoid taking cold if your kidneys are sensitive. Cold congess the kidneys, throws too much work upon them, and weakens their action. Serious kidney trouble and even Bright's disease may result. Strengthen your kidneys, get rid of the pain and soreness, build them up by the timely use of Foley Kidney Pills. Tonic in action, quick in results. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive

About the size of your shoes, it's some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for Patent Leather Shoes, and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold Every, where, 25c. Sample Free. Address-Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Foley Kidney Pills will cure any case of kidney or bladder trouble not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Are You Happy?

If you are it is safe to say that you enjoy good health, as it is impossible to be happy unless you are well. Noted physicians will tell you that bad stomachs and torpid livers are the cause of 95 per cent of all diseases.

For the past 42 years SEVEN BARKS has proved to be the unequalled remedy for all STOMACH, LIVER and KIDNEY troubles, and the greatest tonic and blood purifier known. It makes your digestion what it should be and keeps your entire system in good condition. Price of SEVEN BARKS is but 50 cents a bottle at all druggists. Money refunded if not satisfied. Address

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Molly

She Sold Butter and Eggs, but Carried a Revolver

By GEORGE ARNOLD WELSH

In the summer of 1863, when the Army of the Cumberland was at Murfreesboro, Tenn., preparatory to the move on Tullahoma, the general commanding called for volunteers for secret service. One young man who reported was entirely devoid of a beard and had ruddy cheeks and blue eyes.

"You could go anywhere as a girl," said the general, "and as long as your sex is not suspected you would be safer in skirts than in trousers."

"My hair is too short," said the youngster.

"It is long enough to cut square around your neck, and that's the way girls up to eighteen about here wear their hair. Would you like to try it?"

"I wouldn't mind, general."

"Well, I want you to go down to Tullahoma and learn what you can. Bring me back a statement of the defenses, the guns on them, their caliber and the number and condition of Bragg's army encamped in and about the town."

The next morning a Tennessee country girl left the Union picket line at Murfreesboro with a basket on her arm, taking the direct turnpike to Tullahoma. Stopping at a farm, she bought a supply of eggs and butter, which she put into her basket, and on reaching the vedettes of the Confederate army told them that she came from a farm up the road and was going into Tullahoma to make a little money by supplying the soldiers with her farm produce.

Molly Atkins—this was the name the farm girl gave herself—had no difficulty passing into Tullahoma. What troubled her was that so eager were the soldiers on the picket line to buy her goods that the supply was exhausted before she entered the town.

However, she had plenty of money and went about among the shops buying such supplies as farmers needed which they could not raise themselves. Having refilled her basket, she cast about for a place to lodge, for she had no idea of leaving Tullahoma for several days. Passing a house occupied for General Bragg's headquarters, it occurred to her that if she could find a lodging near it she might elicit information by keeping an eye on what was going on there. So she knocked at the doors of several houses on the opposite side of the street till she found a family who was willing to take in a country girl for a few days who had come to town to make some purchases. She was given a room in the third story, or, rather, the peak of the roof, from which she could look right down on General Bragg's headquarters.

Officers and messengers were coming and going, citizens were applying for passes, while a sentinel paced back and forth before the house, every few minutes stopping and facing to salute an officer passing in or out. Molly couldn't see anything to be derived from this, so she sallied forth to visit the camps and the defenses of the town. Having picked up all the information available in this way, she returned to her lodging and, gathering up her purchases, went over to headquarters to ask for a pass to leave Tullahoma. An aid-de-camp, a young man about twenty-two years old, was in charge of the granting of passes and, seeing a pretty girl come in, was quite beside himself with admiration. Molly showed him the articles she had purchased, telling him that they had been bought with money derived from the sale of butter and eggs. He was convinced that she was what she represented herself to be, but he had explicit orders from his general that he should grant no passes to persons going northward, and he dare not disobey. Molly appeared disappointed, and when the aid looked at her sympathetically cast her blue eyes down at the floor.

"How far beyond the picket line do you live?" asked the aid.

"Not very far," Molly replied.

"I tell you what you do. Meet me just within the picket post on the Murfreesboro road tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock, and I'll see what I can do for you. I can't write you a pass, for that's contrary to orders, but I may be able to get you home. You see, I might go with you and satisfy myself that you are what you purport to be, that you wouldn't carry information be any harm for me to leave you at home, and I wouldn't be acting contrary to my orders."

Molly thanked the young man, looking very demure and modest, and withdrew. The following morning on dressing she examined a revolver she had carried strapped to her waist under her skirts, and, since she would very likely have need for it, she tried to think of a place on her person where it would be concealed and yet be easily grasped. Fortunately in those days there was usually a pocket in a woman's dress, and Molly, having made a search, discovered one. She slipped her revolver into it.

Shortly before 10 o'clock she started up toward the picket post. Hearing the sound of horse's hoofs behind her, she did not look around, but presently heard the aid bid her good morning.

"Go to the picket post," he said, "and pretend you didn't know you must have a pass to get through the lines. I'll ride up on a tour of inspection and ask what's the matter. Don't let on you've ever seen me before. I'll do the rest."

"How kind you are!" exclaimed Molly in a burst of gratitude, and she proceeded on her way, while the aid turned off in another direction to make a circuit. When Molly reached the picket post and, having been refused an exit, was beginning to force tears into her blue eyes the young officer rode up, inspected the post, then asked what was the matter with the girl. Having been informed, he said to the officer in command of the post:

"I'll take her home and see that she is what she represents herself to be. If so I'll leave her there and no harm done. I'm Captain Robbins of the general staff."

That settled the matter, and Molly went on, Robbins walking his horse beside her. Picket posts are usually placed at points where the road is visible for some distance ahead, and so long as they were in sight Captain Robbins was not so gallant as to give the girl his horse, but when they had passed over a crest he dismounted and assisted her to his place, which she accepted with alacrity. For a time he made no mention of the distance they must go to reach her farm, for he had taken a desperate fancy to the blue eyed beauty and was pleased at being in her company. But after the vedettes were passed and he was in debatable territory he began to think that he might come upon some bluejackets and he was not safe. He asked Molly if her home was not near, and she replied that it was just beyond the next turn in the road. When they reached the turn she told him it was just over the next crest. When they were descending from the crest she pointed ahead, telling him that he might see an eave of her home just above a clump of trees. While he was peering to discover it Molly reined in her horse so as to drop a little behind him. Suddenly he heard a click. To a soldier in wartime a click means a good deal. The officer turned and saw Molly pointing a revolver at him.

"Wh-a-a-t do you mean?" he stammered, puzzled.

"Face about and move on!"

The voice, which had been skillfully modulated, had now the hoarseness of a man's. It flashed across Robbins that he had been sold. He started to put a hand to his hip, but was deterred by an order:

"Stop that! Hands up!"

It was plain from the tone in which the words were spoken that any further movement in the direction of the revolver would be met with a bullet before the weapon could be reached. Robbins desisted, raising his hands above his shoulders.

"Now you face about and march mighty quick!" came a second order.

There was nothing for it but to obey. Molly had drawn him to a point well beyond the Confederate picket line, and there was no assistance to be expected. They were on a strip of territory free from either army, inhabited by Confederate sympathizers and roving bands of guerrillas, who usually sympathized with the southern side. Therefore the danger was far greater to the Federal than the Confederate soldier, and the penalty if captured was infinitely more terrible to the former than to the latter. His landing within the Union lines would be humiliating, but nothing more than serving a term as prisoner of war. But if Molly were captured—a Federal soldier in disguise with information of the Confederate forces on her person—the inevitable result would be a hanging.

Only the keenest watchfulness and a cool head enabled her to drive her captive over the considerable distance that lay between her and the Federal lines. Once she saw half a dozen horsemen ahead, and since they looked brown rather than blue she knew they were not Union troops. She drove the man in front of her into a wood and waited till the coming men had passed. Again she saw a house ahead, around which several persons were loitering. She made a detour, but in doing so was obliged to leave her horse.

Being now on foot, she disarmed Robbins and had two revolvers instead of one. But it was not weapons she needed; it was to escape wayfarers. Now and again she would stop to listen. The distant creaking of a wagon, the thud of horses' hoofs, would drive her, she still driving her captive, into cover. At last she heard a distant shot. A soldier in that country at that time knew a picket shot by instinct. This one must be from a Federal musket. The northern picket line was not far distant.

The last scare Molly had was when, crossing a road, she saw on her flank a cloud of dust. Not stopping to satisfy herself who caused it, she pushed of her, which she recognized as one favorable for a picket line. Then from a field before it came:

"Halt there!"

Molly cheerfully obeyed the order, for she knew that the man who halted her was no southerner, since he spoke with a German accent. She told her story, the man called for the officer of the picket, and the goal was won.

"Captain," she said as soon as the race was finished, "it has been a question of capture for you or a rope for me."

The captain made no reply.

Molly went, dressed as she was, to the general's headquarters, reported the success of her mission and furnished the information she had been sent to get. The next morning commenced that movement which, though comparatively bloodless, was one of the most trying of the war—the Tullahoma campaign.

A Joke on the Artists.

Some years ago there was a colony of artists painting in a Maine village some twenty miles from Prout's Neck. All were enthusiastic admirers of Winslow Homer, and all, having had a go at the painting of rocks and sea and realizing how difficult was the task, bethought them of Homer, only twenty miles away. How refreshing it would be to have a glimpse of the man's work in his studio! Fully aware that it was not his custom to admit strangers, they ventured upon the pilgrimage to that shrine. They counted on his waiving the rule where it concerned a group that contained at least one full fledged national academician and several associates of that august body. They all went to Scarborough (Prout's Neck), put up at the hotel and sent him a joint note, signing their names and begging that he would receive them. When the messenger returned they read with dismay that Winslow Homer presented his compliments and begged to be excused from receiving "art students." The joke was so good that the story was given out in artistic circles.—Arthur Hoeber in World's Work.

Mock Suns.

Mock suns are similar in point of origin to the mirages of the desert, only they occur in the arctic circle. As the long winter night of the polar region wanes once every twenty-four hours a slight glow is seen at some point on the horizon. Often accompanying this glow is seen the phenomenon of the mock suns. Several degrees up in the heavens as many as five of these spectral orbs have been seen at one time. Invariably they are all connected in a geometric figure, the suns seemingly bound together with circles and arcs of light. Often when only one appears it is mistaken for the real god of day, and natives rejoice at the early end of the long winter night only to be disappointed as the image disappears. The explanation of the phenomenon is given by physicists as refraction and reflection of light from the real sun below the horizon on the mists in the upper atmosphere.—St. Louis Republic.

Crossing the Bar.

Tennyson's famous poem "Crossing the Bar" was written, said his son, in the poet's eighty-first year, "on a day in October when we came from Aldworth to Farringford. Before reaching Farringford he had had the 'moaning of the bar' in his mind, and after dinner he showed me the poem written out. 'That is the crown of your life's work,'" said his son, who was the first man after the poet to read "Crossing the Bar" and who passed the first criticism upon it in such fitting and generous language. "It came in a moment," said the poet, and he explained the pilot as the Divine and Unseen, who is always guiding us. A day or two before he died the poet, calling his son to his bedside, said, "Mind you put 'Crossing the Bar' at the end of all editions of my poems."

Old Time Taxation.

During the eleven years from 1695 to 1706 the Englishman over twenty-five who shirked matrimony was called on to pay 1 shilling annually, with a further sum, according to rank, of 5 shillings for a gentleman and £12 10s. for a duke, a tax which yielded to the revenue about £1,000 a week. In these "good old times" the Briton had to pay a tax when he took a wife and another tax every time he qualified as a father. Thus a duke's nuptials cost him £50 4s., his heir £30 2s., and for each later male addition to his family his joy was discounted by a payment of £25 2s. The benedict whose income was less than £50 a year had to pay 2s. 6d. on his marriage and 2 shillings every time he became a father.—London Standard.

Wagner a Living Paradox.

As an artist Wagner had unequaled genius. As a man, though generous, temperate and virtuous to an unusual degree, he also had extraordinary faults. He was egotistical and proud, prone to fierce enmities; he went to extremes in everything. A living paradox; impatient, irritable and nervous; noble and petty; never made a man more friends and more enemies. He was worshiped and hated. Taken all in all, musically he stands as the most notable figure of this age. — Dole's "Famous Composers."

With a "G."

"Gentlemen," said the lawyer for the defense in closing his eloquent and impassioned speech, "all I demand for my client at your hands is justice—justice with a large G!"

The principal of the district school was on the jury, and the verdict was guilty—with a large G.—Chicago Tribune.

Miss Lonely—You ought to be careful, Kitty. Marriage is a serious matter.

The Maid (who has a proposal)—Yes, ma'am; but staying single is a serious matter too.—Columbus Ledger.

Fatal Anyhow.

"Won't you try a piece of my wife's angel cake?"

"Will it make an angel of me?"

"That will depend on the kind of a life you have led."—Houston Post.

Out to Be In.

Never be in your place of business when a person wants to borrow money of you, because if you are in you will be out, but if you are out you will be in.—London Answers.

The grand essentials of happiness are something to do, something to love and something to hope for.—Chalmers.

Cleaning an Ocean Liner.

Probably few people are aware that during the few hours a great ocean liner remains in dock she is cleaned thoroughly inside and out. The hull is repaired, the funnels scraped and cleaned and every piece of exposed metal polished. Meanwhile all carpets are taken up and beaten, the floors scrubbed and repainted and tables repolished, chairs regilded and stained, in every part of the ship. On the great boats there are more than 30,000 pieces of linen to be counted, sorted, prepared and laundered. Then there are 15,000 pieces of silverware, 25,000 pieces of glassware, some 60,000 dishes, plates, cups, saucers, etc. As soon as a piece shows signs of wear it is discarded and replaced, and all this work has to be done in a few hours.—Pearson's Weekly.

Vegetables and Character.

A Paris contemporary states that a well known doctor read a paper before a meeting of medical men on the influence of vegetables upon the character, the brain and the senses. According to the doctor, the potato develops an evenness of temper and calmness of thought. The carrot acts as a stimulant to the character and is recommended for biliousness and to peevish or jealous persons. Spinach develops ambitious dreams and energy. Sorrel, despite its acidity, induces sadness and provokes nightmare. All workers should eat white haricots. — London Globe.

A Pessimist.

The "duffer" at golf becomes so used to finding himself in all kinds of out of the way places that he hits every ball in the confident expectation of getting into difficulties with it. Such a player was he who speaks thus in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch:

"Is this your ball over here?"

"Is it in a hole?"

"Yes."

"A deep hole?"

"Yes."

"With slightly overhanging banks, so you can't possibly get at it?"

"Yes."

"Then it's my ball, all right."

Drinking Horns.

Drinking horns were beloved of the early Saxons, who always took their mead in this manner. Many of the old drinking horns were fashioned from the horns of the rhinoceros under the belief that "it sweats at the approach of poison." Hence, according to this superstition, the drinker would be in a position to tell at once whether an enemy had been tampering with his beverage.—London Globe.

Getting It Straight.

"What did you say to your wife that night when you got home at 11:30?"

"Nothing."

"Do you mean to say"—

"I mean to say that by the time I could get a word in it was no longer last night, but this morning."—Boston Transcript.

An Inherited Weakness.

"Your daughter is improving," said a music teacher, "but when she gets to the scales I have to watch her pretty closely."

"Just like her father," said the mother. "He made his money in the grocery business."

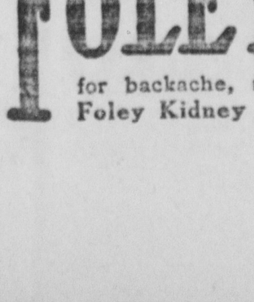
Men's Clothes.

Since 1825 the clothing of men has grown simpler and simpler, and if the course of evolution has taken away from the picturesqueness of the crowd it has added to the dignity of the man.—Men's Wear.

Unreasonable.

"I say, old man, you've never returned that umbrella I lent you last week."

"Hang it all, old man, be reasonable. It's been raining ever since."—London Punch.



ASHAMED OF HER FACE

"I was ashamed of my face," writes Miss Pickard of North Carolina. "It was all full of pimples and scars, but after using D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema I can say that now there is three years ago."

This is but one of thousands of cases in which D. D. D. has simply washed away the skin trouble. D. D. D. cleanses the skin of the germs of Eczema, Psoriasis and other serious skin diseases; stops the itch instantly, and when used with D. D. D. soap the cures seem to be permanent. Nothing like D. D. D. for the complexion.

Trial bottle 25 cents, enough to prove the merit of this wonderful remedy.

We can also give you a full size bottle for $1.00 on our absolute guarantee that if this very first bottle fails to give you relief it will cost you nothing.

WAVERLY HIGH SPEED GASOLINE

The favorite with experienced motorists. The right gasoline for safety, comfort and speed. Instantaneous, powerful, clean explosion, quick ignition, no carbon deposits—all these are guaranteed.

We make three grades of

760 — SPECIAL — MOTOR

Power Without Carbon. All Refined Products.

No "natural" gasolines used. At your dealers.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO.

Independent Refiners Pittsburg, Pa.

Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil.

FREE—200 Page Book—tells all about oil.

TO BUYERS:

"Thomas Register of American Manufacturers" gives the name and address of every important manufacturer in the United States.

If you want to buy any article and do not know where to get it this book will tell you.

We have a copy and shall be glad to have you use it.

The First National Bank,

Bellefonte, - - - - - Penna.

It is Not What You Spend

Nor what you earn, but what you save that counts. You may work hard, earn much, but if you spend all you are not advancing in worldly welfare.

By putting aside every week a part of your earnings, and entrusting it to the BELLEFONTE TRUST COMPANY for safe keeping, it will accumulate and work for you, as we pay interest on all deposits.

Bellefonte Trust Company.

DO IT NOW

Get our prices on Lumber, Frames, Lath, Sash, Doors, Shingles, Flooring, Moulding,

PAROID ROOFING

or anything else you need in the building line. You can have our forty-two years experience free and buy what you want at bottom prices. Anticipating an advance in prices of . . .

SOUTHERN LUMBER

and Pacific Coast Red Cedar Shingles, we bought a large stock and will sell at the present low prices while they last. Odd lots of Moulding, Sash and Lumber at special prices.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,

Office, Yard and Mill on South Spring St., Bellefonte, Pa.

WE want county representatives to take exclusive sale of the greatest disinfectant ever known; secure a county and a business that pays handsomely. Radium Spray Co., Curry Bldg., Pittsburg.

DR. WILLIAMS, Chiropodist

Let him cure your Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Nails.

Don't suffer any more, because he will cure you, at 243 3rd. Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.

Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

for backache, rheumatism, kidney or bladder trouble, and urinary irregularities. Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results. Refuse substitutes.

For sale at C M Parrish, druggist.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., February 1, 1912.

CHARLES E. DORWORTH - Ed. & Pub.

Subscription rate, $1 a year, strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

The Republican and the New York Tribune Farmer, $1.50 a year in Advance.

—— Advertising Rates. ——

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One Half Column, 1 year.....60
One Quarter Column, 1 year.....35
Local Notices (if no special contract exists) 10 cents per line, each insertion, nonpareil measure.

BANG! BANG!!

When "Marse" Henry Watterson, noted Southern Democrat, gets mad he gets very mad. Just now he is very mad at Governor Wilson, of New Jersey. "Marse" Henry believes in the old-fashioned doctrine of men being on the level with one another. He cannot forgive Governor Wilson for throwing down friends for the sake of personal advancement, as he did in the case of Colonel Harvey, editor of "Harper's Weekly," Because of "Marse" Henry's belief that Governor Wilson is an ingrate and numerous other things, he refuses point-blank to follow the Jersey Governor in the latter's chase after the Democratic nomination for Governor. Let "Marse" Henry tell in his own language why he will not go along for Wilson:

"I refuse longer to follow a man whose nomination would, in my judgment, be a disaster and whose election a calamity. He who could show himself so disloyal to private friendship cannot be trusted to be loyal to anything. Within a single year Governor Wilson's radical change of base, his realignments and readjustments, personal and political, his offenses to some and apologies to others have been exactly concurrent with his selfish aims. There seems no abasement into which he is unable to descend with equal facility and grace. May God protect Democracy from such a leader and such leadership."

IS LOGICAL CANDIDATE.

The Clearfield "Mountaineer," sizing up the situation in the Twenty-first Congressional district, very properly takes the view that Congressman Charles E. Patton is the logical candidate and forcefully urges his renomination at the hands of the Republicans at the April primaries. The "Mountaineer" says:

Interest is now centered in the coming primary next April when the Republican party will nominate condidates for Federal and State offices. In rank the most important of these is that of Representative in Congress. The present Congressman from this, the 21st District, is Charles E. Patton, a loyal Clearfield Countian and an uncompromising adherent of the Republican policy of a protective tariff. Mr. Patton was elected, as will be remembered, by a plurality of 4953 votes over his Democratic opponent at the election of November 1910, and is now serving the people at his first regular session of Congress. While only regularly attending the first session, Mr. Patton has already shown himself to be a man whose heart and best endeavors are at the command of his constituents. Whether it be a matter of a pension for one of the "boys in blue," a vote in favor of the industries of his District, or while working earnestly for a Federal building appropriation of $100,000.00 for the Metropolis of this County, he has never ceased to be the same plain citizen and the easy approachable business man that he was before being elevated to the high position of honor and confidence which he now holds to the general satisfaction of a vast majority of the voters of the District.

Mr. Patton is considered by every fair minded Republican to be the logical standard bearer of his party for the office he now fills, as it would be folly to fail to return such an able Representative for a second term in the House at Washington. The voters of this District need a man in Congress who possesses integrity and independence and has the necessary experience to fill this important office with credit to himself and with benefit to the people. To continually change a Congressman leaves a District without prestige and without influence in the halls of Congress. Clearfield County is the largest County in the District in the matter of population, and as it's great army of Republicans is as true and as enthusiastic as that of any other County in the State, and as Mr. Patton is entitled to a second term, we believe that the Republicans of the District will rally around his candidacy with genuine loyalty and will re-nominate him on the 13th of next April by a practically unanimous vote. For years this position has been considered a two term office. William C. Arnold, Solomon R. Dresser and Capt. C. F. Barclay, of Clearfield, McKean and Cameron counties respectively, each represented their District in the Lower House for two terms, and the voters will be satisfied at the end of Mr. Patton's second term as they were at the expiration of the official terms of the above mentioned Republicans.

The Mountaineer believes in fair play and common sense in politics, and is therefore a firm believer in the right and in the wisdom of Mr. Patton being nominated at the coming Primary next Spring.

With Charles F. Patton as the Republican nominee for Congress in the great Presidential Campaign of 1912, we will have a tried and true leader whose fidelity to the cardinal principles of Republicanism has never been or never can be questioned, a plain unassuming friend of the people and a Republican who candidacy is founded upon the broad platform of justice and availability. His election would be assured because he is the people's choice, and because he is not the tool of any clique.

PENROSE ON THE TARIFF

(continued from page 1)

value over one-half; while there resulted in a reduction of wages and a closing of factories throughout the East.

From a repetition of this condition in the wool industry, an industry which extends across the continent and embraces all classes and degrees of men beginning with the wool grower on the Western plains and ending with the manufacturer of the finished product in the East we have only escaped by the courageous and patriotic act of a Republican President.

Again this winter, and at this moment, other industries are menaced by the tariff legislation of a Democratic House of Representatives. The metal schedule is now pending in the House and while many of the large concerns could perhaps for a while endure the conditions which would result in its enactment yet the market for the American product would be so greatly curtailed in the home market on our Eastern and Western seaboards that the numerous small, independent concerns would be the first to feel the effects, and, above all, labor throughout the industry would feel the effects in reduced wages and a curtailment of employment.

Sectionalism, politics, and ignorance have marked these efforts in the direction of tariff legislation in the past and in the present.

It is the misfortune of tariff legislation that it is peculiarly the subject of misrepresentation. Interests antagonistic to the protective system and the outcry of those concerned in the importation of foreign goods bring about a reaction. Thus William McKinley was defeated after the enactment of tariff legislation productive of prosperity in the country only to return again after an era of Democratic supremacy as President of the United States elected upon the tariff issue.

The Dingley bill of all our tariff laws remained longest on the statute books, but hardly had the Payne bill been enacted into law before the question was again opened by those engaged in the constant agitation for further tariff revision.

The great prosperity which was started under the Payne law in many industries was soon curtailed by the uncertainties brought about by this agitation.

The settled policy of protection covering a continent and embracing the industries of 90,000,000 people has been the cause of our magnificent prosperity, and it cannot be overthrown or tampered with except with great disorder to industrial conditions and disastrous results to capital and labor. Those who talk lightly of tariff revision should recall the experiences of the past and should realize the responsibilities of their task; and those who support them in the effort should consider seriously what the end may be.

The business world today needs certainty and stability of conditions. Business men want to know and are entitled to know what the law is and what it will not permit. Anything is better than uncertainty, either in the tariff or in any of the other conditions under which business is conducted. If proper conditions could be established under safe Republican guidance for another four years, it is admitted by all that the country would start on an era of prosperity equal, if not greater, than that which marked the administration of William McKinley.

Emanuel Musser Dead.

Emanuel Musser, a retired farmer, died on Sunday, last, at his late home at Aaronsburg. He was aged about 71 years, was a member of the Lutheran church and is survived by the following children: Mrs. William Winklebleck, Mrs. Seymour Winklebleck, Mrs. Cede Burd and Clayton S. Musser, all of Haines township, and Mrs. William Homan, of Dakota. The funeral was deferred until today to enable the last named daughter to attend. One sister, Rebecca, of Aaronsburg, also survives.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured.

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"Had dyspepsia or indigestion for years. No appetite, and what I did eat distressed me terribly. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me."—J. H. Walker, Sunbury, Ohio.

Correspondence.

Julian.

Cary Alexander, a student at the State College High School spent the week-end at Julian. Glad to see you, Cary.

The smiling face of Miss Rea Bulkley, of Howard, was seen at the session of the local Institute. She was a guest of Mrs. Daniel Bodle.

Mrs. William Parsons, of Unionville, spent Thursday afternoon with her friend, Mrs. Perry Parson, of Silver Dale.

Frank Jones, of Port Matilda, a student at the Bellefonte High School, spent Saturday with his friend, John F. Tallhelm.

Arthur Irvin, agent at Bitler station, came home on Saturday night to visit his mother and sister at this place.

Mrs. McKinsey, Sr., of Julian, returned from a two weeks' visit with her son, Early, at Windber, Cambria County.

Martin Spotts came home to attend the funeral of his wife's uncle, Mr. Stiver, at Martha.

Mrs. J. F. Tallhelm and Mr. Meese are still on the sick list. We hope for their speedy recovery.

William Hale spent Sunday in Bellefonte, visiting with relatives.

The lumber business at this time is quite brisk. A number of cars are shipped each day from the Julian yards.

John Gill, of Broadway, Julian, is in a deep study whether to get married or join the regular army. John, you had better remain on Broadway a while longer.

Miss Elizabeth Chandler spent the latter part of the week with her parents here, returning on Sunday night to Tyrone, where she is employed.

Edward Richards, aged 36 years, son of Milligan Richards, of this place, died at the home of his brother, William, on Friday morning, January 26. Services were held at the United Brethren church at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, conducted by Rev. Mr. Fisher of Stormstown. Interment was made in the cemetery at Julian.

The local Institute, which was held in the U. B. church was very well attended by both teachers and citizens of the neighboring community. The several subjects were well discussed, especially that of "Teaching Agriculture in Schools." The music was greatly appreciated.

Mrs. Priscilla Hartsock, who has been ill for some time at the home of her daughter, Mrs David Adams, Jr., has been removed to the County Home, in Clearfield.

There will be preaching by Rev. Mr. Gilbert in the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday morning at 10.30 o'clock. It is to be hoped that there will be a large attendance.

Anybody wanting some fine chickens should call and see George Bullock's poultry farm. He has several different breeds and keeps fine birds, only. George is going to make the poultrymen at Allentown sit up and take notice. Here's hoping he brings the first prize back with him to our town.

Wesley Biddle and Robert Weller will move their families to the Alexander farm at Mud-lick. The house vacated by the Biddles will be occupied by Mr. From, a huckster.

Unionville.

It is a pleasure to note that Joseph T. Barton, who has been confined to his home for about six weeks, is convalescing.

R. T. Comly, after a week's illness from grip, is able to be about again, which is gratifying to his friends.

Daniel Buck, our merchant-miller, last week unloaded a car of corn.

Mrs. John Hipple and Joseph Davidson are both improving very nicely.

John C. Rumberger, of Bellefonte, who is superintendent of Musser's lumber's job at Julian, was thrown off a load of props last Friday and severely sprained his leg. Mr. Calhoun brought him to this place where he boarded the evening train for home. We all hope to see him about again in a short time.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal church will serve a chicken and waffle supper in Grange hall, February 9 and 10, from 5 to 10 o'clock, P. M. Tickets 25c. Everybody invited.

David Custer, our poor farm manager, walks about as proudly as could be, and its no wonder. One of the finest boys in all the land came to his place last week. Both mother and babe are getting along spendidly.

Mrs. William Neiman, who underwent a severe operation in the Bellefonte hospital, is improving rapidly. For the present she is staying with her father, Thomas Stere.

Arista Lucas, of Bush Hollow, on Monday installed a new telephone. Anybody wishing to hear his fine voice will kindle call No. 237-21.

George Morrison had a violent attack of night-mare on Sunday night. His moaning and crying awakened his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. McClellan, and they worked with him nearly one hour before he could be awakened. Now he is able to be about, but he is very stiff and sore.

We are glad to note that William Hosband is convalescing.

Cavade Pringle, of Conemaugh, a student at State College, spent Sunday with friends here.

Leonard Watson and family, of Pleasant Gap, are visiting the former's mother at this place. On Sunday, January 14, Mr. Watson's home barely escaped a conflagration. The thermometer was hovering 30 below zero and Mr. Watson about 8 o'clock in the evening placed two hot irons in his bed to keep him warm, the house being very cold. The family returned home about 9 o'clock that night and were horrified to find the mattress and bed clothing burned to a crisp about three feet from the foot of the bed. The heavy bed clothing kept the fire from breaking into a blaze, or no doubt the house would have been in flames before the danger would have been discovered. Mr. Watson and family are from this place and we all naturally are quite glad that they came off as luckily as they did.

Mrs. David Hall, after a lingering illness from diabetes, passed away at her late home last Saturday evening, at 9 o'clock. Her maiden name was Taylor and she was married to David Hall about 40 years ago. They lived in this township ever since. Mrs. Hall was about 70 years old and is survived by her husband and the following children: Edward, Anna and Harriet, all of this place. Funeral services were held on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock from the late home, conducted by Rev. Mr. Oyler. Interment was made in the upper cemetery.

Joseph Brugger hauled a large sleighing party to Bellefonte on Tuesday evening. The party stopped at the J. C. Rumberger home for dinner, where chicken, ice cream and all the other choice things were served. In the party were the following: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brugger, Mrs. Nora Becker, Mrs. Daniel Buck, Mrs. J. C. Smith, Mrs. H. E. Holtzworth, Mrs. Annie Rich, Mrs. E. J. Williams, Miss Laura Rumberger, Mrs. Alice Smith, Mrs. Abednego Williams and Mrs. Elwood Fisher.

May Reject Petitions.

Chief Justice Fell of the State Supreme court has written a decision giving county commissioners broad powers in the examination of petitions of candidates who want to enter the uniform primaries. The case went up from Indiana county, where a Democrat filed a petition as a candidate for district attorney. A large number of the signers requested that their signatures be withdrawn, as they had signed the petition under misapprehension. As this left the candidate without the required number of signers, the commissioners refused to place the name on the ballot. The Indiana courts ordered the commissioners to accept the petition and the case was carried to the Supreme court.

Justice Fell holds that when a signer of a petition has been deceived he can withdraw his name. He says:

"The law does not make the commissioners mere automatoms shorn of all discretion and required to act upon a petition, that while regular on its face is known by them to be false in fact. They are not required or authorized to print the name of any candidate on a party ticket unless the petition in his behalf is signed by the required number of qualified electors of the district in which the nomination is to be made. Whether the requirements of the act have been complied with in regard to the number of signers, or their qualifications as electors of the division, it is the plain duty of the commissioners to inquire.

Richard C. Wier Dead.

Richard C. Wier, one of Tyrone's oldest residents, died at his late home at that place on Friday last week. He was aged 85 years and 21 days. He was born January 5, 1827, in Crawford county. As a young man he settled in Centre county. On June 10, 1851, he was united in marriage to Miss Mary Barber, who passed away January 3, 1883. Fifteen year ago he was married to Nancy J. Burton, at Greenville, Mercer county, and she survives her aged companion. Mr. Wier, after residing at Centre Hall for some time, removed to Warrior's Mark where he remained seventeen years. He moved to Tyrone about thirty years ago, residing there since that time with the exception of about one year spent in Mercer county.

Don't let the baby suffer from eczema, sores or any itching of the skin. Doan's Ointment gives instant relief, cures quickly. Perfectly safe for children. All druggists sell it.

A BUSINESS LIKE CLASTER'S

Founded on Right Principles is Bound to Succeed.

Every enduring success, every growing business, whether it be farming, manufacturing, retailing, wholesaling or distributing is founded on some principle bound to be correct. America has reached its present position as the leader among nations of the world because its men and women in all times have been self reliant, and not afraid to pioneer in every field of human endeavor. Around a fixed principle or idea a man or a group of men have builded business enterprises which are today the wonder of the commercial world.

The splendid business of Claster's had its central idea when founded twenty-five years ago, in the thought that there was an opportunity to supply the people with their daily needs by a method in distributing merchandise at wholesale prices which would mean material savings to them. Around this central and fixed idea Mr. Claster built this great business, now one of the largest concerns in the state of Pennsylvania. Bending all his energies toward the solution of the many problems which arose from day to day and year to year, because he was blazing and opening a new way through this state meeting conditions never before presenting themselves in the retail business, overcoming obstacles due to the opposition of other retailers, manufacturers and jobbers, he steadily expanded his business, when now he conducts stores in a great many of the largest towns in the state with a large wholesale house at Lock Haven, and warehouses at Harrisburg, Pa., Jersey City, N. J., and New York City, serving thousands of customers who are entirely satisfied with their dealings with us. We have taught people how to make 50 or 60 or 70 cents buy as much merchandise as they used to get for $1.00. Distributing merchandise direct to the consumer at wholesale price, has been a success with us right from the very start, because each succeeding day's business brings to us absolute proof of its permanence and its growth in the favor of the people. We had more customers during 1911 than we had the year before. More customers this year so far than last year in the same time, and at our present rate of increase, the business will be greater proportionately next year than in this year, and all this in spite of the continued agitation against our method of distributing merchandise at wholesale prices direct to the consumer.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

H. Laird Curtin, et ux, to Mary C. Smith, lot in Milesburg; $100.

W. Fred Reynolds, et ux, to John A. Witmer, et al, lot in Bellefonte; $225.

John L. Holmes, et al, to C. M. Cronemiller, tract land in Ferguson township; $300.

Sarah J. Breon to S. Ward Gramley, house and lot in Millheim; $425.

Howard R. Pratt, et al, to Seth B. Pratt, two lots in Unionville; $1.

Harvey J. Markle, et ux, to Ardella Lontz, lot in spring township, $350.

H. H. Eisenhuth to John P. Wolf, lot in Penn township; $350.

Rachel Walker to Hesekiah Walker, lot in Boggs township; $1.

DON'T BE MISLED

Bellefonte Citizens Should Read and Heed This Advice.

Kidney trouble is dangerous and often fatal.

Don't experiment with something new and untried.

Use a tested and proven kidney remedy.

Begin with Doan's Kidney Pills.

Used in kidney troubles 75 years.

Doan's have cured thousands.

Are recommended here and everywhere.

A Bellefonte citizen's statement forms convincing proof.

It's local testimony—it can be investigated.

Mrs. James Rine, 239 W. High St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "Some years ago I procured Doan's Kidney Pills at Green's Pharmacy Co. and their use cured me of kidney complaint and backache that had caused me no end of suffering. At that time I told of my experience in a public statement and I now take pleasure in confirming that testimonial. The relief Doan's Kidney Pills gave me has been permanent."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name Doan's—and take no other.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given to the stockholders of the "Centre Brick Company" of Howard, Pennsylvania, that they are requested and directed to meet in the office of the Hotel Howard, at Howard, Pennsylvania, on the 23rd day of February, 1912 at 10 o'clock A. M. for the purpose of voting upon a resolution to dissolve the said "Centre Brick Company." Where they can be represented by person or by proxy. All are requested to be present.

W. L. COOKE, President.
W. H. LONG, Secretary.

2-1-3t.

Charter Notice.

Notice is hereby given an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, on Friday, the 16th day of February A. D. 1912, by Luther M. Patterson, William Keiner and Fred Kreamer, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations, approved April 29th, 1874, and supplements there to for the charter of an intended corporation to be called LOGAN LIGHT HEAT & POWER COMPANY, the character and object of which is to supply Light, Heat & Power, or any of them, by means of electricity to the public in the borough of Bellefonte, Centre County, Pennsylvania, and to such persons partnerships and corporations residing therein or adjacent thereto as may desire the same, and for these purposes to possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

H. T. HALL,
Solicitor.

1-25-4t.

Political Announcements.

Congress.

"The Republican" is authorized to announce the candidacy of Charles E. Patton, of Curwensville, Clearfield County, for the Republican nomination for Representative in Congress from the Twenty-first District, subject to the approval of the Republican voters at the primaries on April 13, 1912.

"The Republican" is authorized to announce the name of W. T. DeHaas, of Clearfield county, for representative in congress from the 21st Pennsylvania district subject to the action of the Republican voters at the April primaries.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store

Eggs, per dozen	.28
Butter, per pound	.36
Lard, per pound	.16
Potatoes	1.00

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.97
Wheat, red	.92
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.64
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.60
Oats, (per bu.)	.45
Rye, (per bu.)	.80
Barley, (per bu.)	.50
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.50

Penny-A-Word Column.

FOR RENT—Steam heated office in Exchange Building. F. W. CRIDER.

WANTED—Several washings. Mrs. Annie Bathurst, 102 East Logan, St., Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE Set single driving harness, almost new. Inquire of or address Dr. E. S. Dorworth, Bellefonte, Pa.

HOUSE FOR RENT—Three story frame house on Curtin Street. Eleven rooms and bathroom. Address or inquire of Miss A. L. Orbison. 2-1-12.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission. STETSON OIL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

WANTED—High class man to sell trees, shrubs, roses, vines, berry bushes, bulbs, etc. Good wages. Permanent. Exclusive territory. BROWN BROTHERS COMPANY, Rochester N. Y.

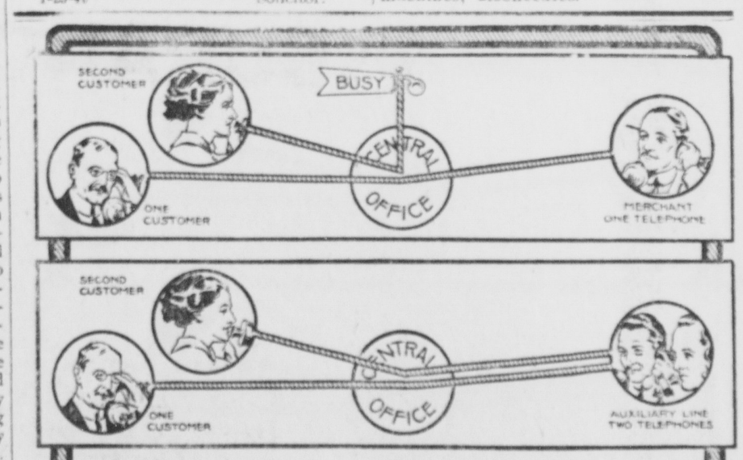
HOUSEKEEPER - Mrs. Mollie Weaver, of Yarnell, offers her services as a housekeeper. The very best of references will be furnished. Address, Mrs. Mollie Weaver, Yarnell, Centre County, Pa.

AGENTS—We must get in touch with the one best agent in town. Inside information by mail. Subject (guaranteed) Dust Absorbent Products. Valentine Mfg. Co., Allston Station, Boston, Mass.

FOUND—Bronze watch fob found on December 20, near the Pennsylvania Railroad passenger station. Owner may recover same by calling at this office, identifying property and paying for this notice.

HOLSTEIN CATTLE FOR SALE—I am a breeder of Holstein Friesian Cattle. Head of herd is Thornwood Vale Posch Pietertje, No. 52125, H. F. H. B. Also young bulls for sale, 2 to 6 months old. ROBERT D. MUSSER, R. F. D. 1, Spring Mills, Pa.

SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED - Sewing machines of all makes, can be repaired by G. S. Clements. You will find his shop on West Bishop Street, opposite Mrs. Aiken's Store. Don t trade away your old sewing machine when that can be made to sew as good as when new. Don't let those agents cheat you out of your old machines. Bring them to me and if I don't make them do as good work as when new, it won't cost you a cent. I keep on hand shuttles for all machines, also needles.



Which Plan is Yours?

With one business telephone line, there *must* be times when customers try to reach you and find the line "busy." Some won't complain to you; they'll switch over to your competitor.

Is your telephone door wide enough? An auxiliary line and telephone relieves over-worked single telephones. Costs but a little more. Call the Business Office.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF PENNA.
W. S. MALLALIEU, Local Manager.

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

Messrs. A. A. Schenck and W. N. Neff were to Lock Haven this week to take in a musical comedy.

Mrs. S. C. Burnside, who has been travelling in foreign countries for the past year, has arrived here and will locate here permanently.

Ed. Yearick transacted business in Tyrone last week.

Messrs. John A. Woodward, Wm. Weber, Balser Weber, Dr. and Mrs. Kurtz, Chester Moore attended the Masonic doings at Williamsport last week.

Misses Lauretta Weber and Josephine Muffly, students at the Lock Haven Normal, were home over Sunday.

W. H. Long spent one day last week in Lock Haven.

Mrs. Anne Harvey and Rebecca Lucas spent Sunday with friends in Blanchard.

Mrs. R. S. Taylor spent last Saturday in Mill Hall.

Mrs. Mary Pletcher and Miss Ella Hall visited several days last week in Salona.

Chas. Bigler, of Pleasant Gap, was a caller in this burg one day last week.

Misses Gladys Holter and Bessie Wyland visited friends in Blanchard last Saturday.

One day last week the stove at the Sand hill school house, of which Ethel Bitner is teacher, fell over and by the scholars carrying in snow and throwing on it a fire was averted.

Mrs. L. C. Thompson, of Orviston, visited here this week.

Mrs. Morrison of Orviston, visited Mrs. Wm. Lucas one day this week.

Eugene Kline returned home Saturday from DuBoistown where he had been to visit his brother-in-law, Rev. O. W. Hicks, who had been ill, but is now improving.

Mrs. O. J. Allison is quite ill with pneumonia.

J. W Smith, of Shirleysburg, was an arrival on Sunday for a few day's visit.

Wm. Pletcher, of Eaglesmere, was a week end visitor with his brother.

Frank Butler spent Sunday with friends in Mill Hall.

Miss Jane Ryman spent a week with her cousin Mrs. H. A. Moore.

Mrs. R. S. Taylor and son Rollin spent Saturday with Mrs. Bechdel at Blanchard and took in the oyster supper in the evenidg.

Another fire occurred here last Wednesday at the home of Irvin Reber, when a spark from the flue set fire to the back part of the house. The fire was first noticed by some of the neighbors who with the aid of a garden hose extinguished it before the fire company arrived. The fire might have been more serious had it occurred at night as it was located in the stairs of which there are only one flight. The damage was very slight.

Miss Edna Reber has returned to Philadelphia where she is employed by a wholesale millinery firm.

The second literary meeting of the Howard High school was held last Friday evening and was not as well attended as the meeting before. There was not as much interest as before but the next meeting which will be in three weeks on account of the Senior Reception, promises to be much more interesting as it will be a Lincoln and Washington Commemoration. It will be held on Feb. 16, 1912. Following is the programme of the last meeting:

Singing.
Reading of the minutes.
Recitation—Harold Mayes.
Recitation—Hilda Wagner.
Singing.
Essay on the Life of William McKinley—Leotta Bouse.
Singing.
Debate.—Question: Resolved that Athletic Sports should be encouraged in schools.

AFFIRMATIVE.	NEGATIVE.
Lloyd Daughenbaugh,	Fred Taylor,
Jason Snyder,	Blair Pletcher,
Marguerite Kane,	Myrtle Pletcher,
Russell Wagner,	Dorothy Weber.

Singing.
Decision of the Judges—Infavor of the Negative.
Quotation Roll Call.
Critics: Helene Weber, Miriam Solt.
Singing.

A jolly sled-load from Blanchard stopped at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Pletcher last Wednesday evening for several hours. The time was spent in social chat. Those present were . Mrs. Mary Kunes, Mrs. W. I. Harter, Mrs. Samuel Kline, Mrs. William Fowler, Mrs. N. J. Spangler, Mrs. V. C. Ridge, Mrs. Irvin Scantlin, Mrs. Alice Winslow, Mrs. Edgar Bechdel, Mrs. Harry Smith, Mrs. Porter Kunes, Mrs. Ephraim Gardner, Mrs. Jacob Bowes and daughter, Josephine, Mrs. Furst Crider, Miss Anna Bechdel, Mr. Charles Graham, driver. Those from this place were: Mrs. Rudolph Pletcher, and Mrs. N. G. Pletcher.

Port Matilda.

The revival services in the Methodist Episcopal church continue to increase in interest. Rev. C. C. Shuey, of Bellefonte, preached on Saturday and Sunday evenings.

Some of our young men look as if they had been in a railroad wreck. It was only a coasting accident.

Philip, our barber, says that this is a hard winter and that he has to scrape to make things go.

There is a certain young man in our midst who has acquired the habit of taking something to purify his breath, or perhaps for some other cause. Imagine his surprise when an usher escorted him away up front to a seat in the "Amen corner."

Never can tell when you'll mash a finger or suffer a cut, bruise burn or scald. Be prepared. Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil instantly relieves the pain - quickly cures the wound.

Pine Grove Mills.

Keep a look-out for that weather-wise pesky little ground hog on Friday.

A. J. Tate, of Jersey Shore, is home with his family for a week.

Cyrus Hunter, of Stormstown, is having his mid-winter hunting in the mountain city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Rockey are making a two weeks' visit among friends in Snyder County.

Chester M. McCormick enjoyed the good sleighing and spent Tuesday with his old chum, Aaron Tressler, at Baileyville.

A. C. Brousewine, of Middleburg, is visiting his elder brother, Franklin, in our town. From here he will go to Ohio for a two-weeks' visit with friends.

Alvin Corl spent several days in Altoona the early part of the week.

Hugh McAfee, of Stormstown, was here on Tuesday and bought twenty head of fat hogs from G. B. McFry, at 8 1-2 cents per pound.

Miss Zelda Rupert, of Altoona, was a welcome visitor at the H. N. Walker home, on Main Street, last week.

Mrs. J. C. Neidigh, of Altoona, has been visiting friends at Pine Hall the past week.

The senior class of our High School will serve meals next Saturday in the I. O. O. F. hall; dinner and supper and a festival in the evening. The teachers district institute will be held in the hall on that date.

E. C. Musser is building a stone shed 40x46 feet on the eastern side of his barn yard.

Miss Maud Griffin, of Half-moon, is visiting her aunt at Lock Haven.

A well is being sunk on the Charles Snyder farm. It is now down 200 feet and still no water. John Shaffer has the job.

James Schreck of Lemont, solda number of sleighs through Half-moon last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Williams spent the Sabbath at the J. B. Whitmer home, at White Hall.

J. H. & Ed. Decker, of Bellefonte, came up to boost the I. O. O. F. festival on Saturday evening. About $130 was realized. Henry V. Dale walked off with the big meerschaum pipe.

Maggie Wright, of Bellefonte, is here with her mother, who is on the sick list but at present is somewhat improved.

Newton Hess has been having the automobile fever the past week and on Monday he went to Pittsburg to attend the auto show. His good wife is anxiously waiting his return, steering a new Franklin down the pike.

Gibson McAfee went to the Erie hospital last week to undergo a surgical operation for hernia.

Deputy Sheriff McKinley was in this section last week. We are always glad to see him when he is on a social mission, but do abhor his official visits.

Last Saturday, Laura, wife of Paul Musser, was taken to the Lock Haven hospital where she underwent an operation for a tumerous growth on the bowels, near the belt. Dr. F. P. Ball performed the operation on Monday and found a large abscess on the lobe of the liver, so her case is indeed a critical one.

J. H. and Mrs. Neidigh were called to Altoona on Monday on account of their son, J. Calvin's injuries, sustained in a railroad wreck. His foot was crushed and he also suffered internal injuries. He is being cared for in the Altoona hospital, from where reports come that he is getting along nicely.

Samuel Martz, A. S. Walker and Mr. and Mrs. William Tate were business visitors to the County-seat on Wednesday.

A jolly party, consisting of George Porter, Miss Claire Borst, Mr. Bodle, of Bellefonte; Miss Ruth Borst, of State College, and Miss Verna Lytle and Clayton Huey, of Bellefonte, enjoyed a sled-ride on Sunday and spent the day with friends on the Branch.

On Thursday evening, January 25, about 200 friends assembled at the hospitable home of James A. Decker, and when Mr. Decker and Rev. S. C. Stover, of Boalsburg, arrived the scene was well worth seeing. The celebration was in honor of Mr. Decker's fifty-third birthday anniversary and as such was a complete success. The hostess, Mrs. Decker had arranged her plans in such a way that all were in attendance and ready to greet her husband when he arrived home. Deitrick's orchestra, from Bellefonte, furnished the music. The surprise was so overwhelming that it took Mr. Decker some little time to pull himself together, but once he did this he thoroughly entered into the spirit of the occasion and greatly enjoyed it.

Lemont.

Jessie Shuey's are moving into their new home this week.

The "Prohibition man," Professor Rockwood, gave an illustrative lecture in the Presbyterian church on Friday evening and although the "silver tongued orator" is a fine speaker he had better learn to adhere strictly to facts and not be inaccurate in so many of his statements. No party or organization can make progress long, if they fail to uphold the truth.

Miss Minnie Grove was a pleasant caller in town a couple days ago.

James Schreck was a business visitor to Stormstown on Friday and Saturday.

Rev. G. E. Smith attended the County Ministerium in the County Capitol on Monday.

E. H. Marshall, of Houserville, dined in town on Tuesday.

Miss Blanche Musser was a Bellefonte visitor on Tuesday.

Otterbein Dale, the night operator for the P. R. R., at Lock Haven, was seen on our streets on Monday.

Mrs. William Schreck has been suffering with a severe attack of lumbago the past week.

Rev. Snyder, of Centre Hall, was calling on some of his parishoners here on Monday.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year in advance

Candy

The Kind You Seldom Get

Made only of the purest and best ingredients. You never before got such dainty, delicious confections at these prices, or even at much higher prices. Everything is *genuine* about these candies—no artificial flavoring, no glucose—only real fruit flavors, pure sugar and cream.

Fenway candy is *wholesome,* and good for children.

Made in large quantities in one of the cleanest, most modern and hygienic candy factories in the country, which makes these low prices possible. 1 lb., 60c.; ½ lb., 30c.

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

Mt. Eagle.

A detective has been about Mt. Eagle for some time past looking up the burning of George Leathers' barn.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Robinson, Sr., were shopping visitors to Bellefonte one day last week.

J. P. Deitz was a recent visitor to the County-seat.

Mrs. Archie Bathurst and child were in Howard last Friday to see the former's mother, Mrs. Hayes, who has been quite ill but who now is somewhat better.

Al. Robinson transacted business in Bellefonte last Friday evening.

Mrs. Ward Daughenbaugh and daughter, Miss Julia, were visitors to Howard on Saturday.

Miss Anna Deitz, one of Howard township's efficient teacher,s was in Bellefonte on a shopping mission on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Shank, who have been spending some time up in New York state with their children, returned home last Sunday morning.

Miss Miller of Marsh Creek, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. William Robinson.

Nittany

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Worthington, of Philadelphia, visited over Sunday at the home of W. E. Kessinger.

A sled load of jolly folks from this place went down to A. C. McClintock's one night last week. In the party were Misses Ruth Minnemier, Miriam Beck, Verna Martin, Mary and Verna Allison, Alice Emerick, Margaret Beck, Blanche Hoy, Nellie Rathmell, Nellie Rumberger and Professor C. T. Glessner, James Rathmell, Harold Hoy, of Hublersburg, and John Beck, A. B. Beck, Malcolm Emerick, Lee Swartz, Budd and Robert Allison, Guy Nolan, Doyle Hoy. All returned home at an early hour and reported having a fine time.

At this writing Murrell Kessinger has greatly improved from his recent serious illness.

Benjamin Lutz had the misfortune to fall last week and sprain his ankle.

Budd Allison has gone to Pittsburg, where he has secured employment.

H. A. Kessinger visited his family a few days recently.

Little James Gunsaulus is very ill from pneumonia.

FIRST IN BENEFITS TO POLICY HOLDERS.

Maximum Dividends

Minimum Net Cost

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

PAID POLICY-HOLDERS IN 1910
$56,751,062.28

APPORTIONED FOR DIVIDENDS IN 1911
$13,539,333.07

Assets January 1, 1911		$572,859,062.98
Legal Liabilities	$487,354,777.82	
Reserve for Deferred Dividends and Contingencies	85,504,285.16	
		$572,859,062.98

AGENTS WANTED---Liberal contracts given to men who will devote all or part of their time writing life insurance. Assistance given in closing cases.

JOHN HUGHES BLACKMAN, Mgr.,
J. C. HUGHES, Assistant Mgr.,
Mears Building, Scranton, Pa.

W. L. MALIN, Dist. Mgr.,
Bellefonte, Pa.

Maria's Fishing

She Had a Novel Way of Doing It

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"'Taint no fishing weather today," said Captain Barnabas Fish when I expressed surprise at his idleness one crisp October morning.

"Too much sea?" I inquired.

He nodded and scratched his gray stubbly beard. "Wind's been east for three days now, and that there oily roll would turn my dory hull up'ards in no time. No, ma'am, you can tell Miss Weeks"—

"You can tell her yourself, cap'n," came Miss Maria's sharp voice from the gate. "Here I be!"

"There's some roll on today," he said, looking away over the greenish gray waters of the bay.

"First time I ever suspected you was a fair weather sailor," sniffed Maria scornfully.

"It ain't me; it's the fish," explained Captain Barnabas hastily. "I ain't afraid of weather."

"I shouldn't think the fish would be either, they being more used to the water than you are."

"They won't bite," explained the captain with dignity.

"Fiddle!" snapped Maria so sharply that Captain Barnabas jumped in his sea boots. "How is it I've smelt fish frying over at Lucy Drake's every night this week? Somebody must catch 'em—I'll find out who it is." She turned away and went up the graveled path to the little white house that faced Quince harbor. After she had slammed the side door I stole a glance at Captain Barnabas Fish.

Leaning against the picket fence, his hands in the pockets of his blue flannel trousers, his blue eyes squinting across the bay at the black line of breakwater, Captain Barnabas seemed indifferent to the anger of the plump little woman toward whom I was sure he nourished a secret attachment.

"Somebody must catch fish for Lucy Drake," I whispered softly. "I wonder who it is!"

A red flush crept from the captain's sunburnt neck up to his ears and disappeared. "Miss Telham," he said solemnly, "it's me!"

"I thought—you said—the fish would not bite!" I gasped indignantly. I was loyal to Maria, for she was a fine soul in spite of her affected crustiness. Lucy Drake I did not like. I turned to the gate, but the captain lifted a huge brown hand to check my departure.

"It may seem queer to you, ma'am, after my promising Maria I'd bring her the first ketch of fish, but I had to take them fish to Lucy Drake!"

"Why?" I asked bluntly.

"Becuz," he said, with discouraging brevity.

"You could easily have brought some to Miss Maria as well," I said disapprovingly.

"Luck was ag'in it," he returned gloomily. "You may not believe it, Miss Telham, but I been out every day for a week past, and I ain't caught but one fish each day—and that there fish I had to give to Lucy Drake."

"Then you have been out fishing this morning?"

"Do I look like a fair weather sailor, ma'am?" he asked coldly. "I went out at daybreak, and I caught one fish, same as usual, and I suspect that you and Maria will soon be ketching the smell of frying fish from Lucy Drake's."

I turned my head toward the neat white cottage next door to Maria's. Surely I could detect a smell of frying fish!

The whistle of the flour mill smote the stillness of the day.

"It's dinner time," observed Captain Fish, and, with the same nervous haste exhibited by all Quince Harborites at the hour of noon, he nodded briefly and plunged down the beach toward the dory drawn up on the sand.

He slept and ate and made his home on board of his schooner, the Indus, named after a ship in the Calcutta trade of which he had once been master.

A half hour afterward I went up the path into Maria's house, sniffing rather guiltily at the smell of frying bluefish, which seemed to emanate from Lucy Drake's little kitchen. To my surprise I caught a glimpse of Lucy Drake's thin nosed face at the window, and she was dabbing a handkerchief against her eyes.

"I caught it with father's old boat hook, and I fished for it from the butt'ry window," returned Maria defiantly.

I stared. "From the buttery window?" I repeated incredulously.

"Yes," she said crisply and closed the conversation with that monosyllable.

As the meal progressed I noticed that Maria did not eat any of the fish. In fact, she ate very little dinner, but she drank several cups of strong green tea. I could not help associating her gloom with the advent of the bluefish on the table. There was a mystery connected with the catching of this fish that tantalized me.

As I sauntered around the frostbitten garden I became aware that Lucy Drake was moving listlessly among her gorgeous chrysanthemums. Her delicate face, with its long, thin, pink nose, was dolorous enough. I went out of the gate and walked along the fence by Lucy's flowers.

"Your chrysanthemums are lovely, Miss Drake," I ventured sociably.

Lucy turned toward me. "They are pretty," she admitted, her weak eyes filling with tears.

"You have a cold?" I asked.

"No, oh, no, but I have suffered—a loss." She came close to the fence and leaned over, speaking freely as though glad of a listener.

"I am sorry, Miss Drake. May I ask what it is?"

"My fish," she whispered. "The loveliest bluefish you ever saw. The cat stole it."

"What cat?" I asked mechanically.

"I am not sure whether it was my Snowball or Maria Weeks' Ginger. You see, it was all ready to fry for dinner—setting right on the shelf in the butt'ry window, and the window was wide open. When I went to get it it was gone." She spoke as tragically as though she had lost a dear friend.

"A bluefish?" I was thinking guiltily of the one I had eaten at dinner, and I had a mental vision of Miss Maria leaning from her buttery window and coolly fishing for Lucy Drake's fish with the late Mr. Weeks' boat hook. I wanted to laugh, it was all so funny and so unaccountable.

"Why should Maria st—Maria's cat steal your bluefish?" I asked to cover my embarrassment.

"To eat. I would not have cared only"— Lucy blushed painfully and turned away her head.

"It is too bad. Perhaps Captain Barnabas could catch another one," I suggested.

"He doesn't seem to have very good luck fishing," she said and hurried into the house without ceremony.

I walked down to the end of the row of low, comfortable houses that straggled along the beach road, and then turning went back to my boarding place. Dinner would be cleared away by this time and Maria taking her afternoon nap. I wanted a nap myself.

When I reached the front door the gate clanged noisily and I turned to see Captain Barnabas tramping heavily up the steps and stood, grim and unsmiling, beside me.

"Miss Weeks to home?" he asked impolitely.

"I believe so. Come in and sit down, captain." And I ushered him into Maria's sitting room.

To my surprise she was in there, sitting very pale and unhappy looking in a big rocking chair.

"Maria!" thundered Captain Barnabas. And when I would have fled Maria beckoned me to remain. Therefore I hovered near the door, feeling very uncomfortable.

"Don't you 'Maria' me, Barnabas Fish," said Maria coldly.

"Miss Weeks, what did you do it for?" he demanded, fixing his bright blue eyes on her snapping black ones.

"Do what for?" Maria's tone was surprised.

"You see my schooner down there?" Captain Fish pulled back the window curtain and pointed a horny forefinger at the graceful lines of the Indus, anchored opposite the Weeks cottage.

"Yes, I see it. I don't see how I can help seeing it, planted right there in front of Lucy Drake's cottage." Maria was jealous. Now I began to understand.

"I was sitting out there just before dinner, and I had the glasses. I was looking at your house. I was"— Captain Barnabas blushed and cast about for an excuse for his lover's foolishness. "I was wondering if Miss Telham had gone for a walk. I was looking, when I saw you, Maria Weeks, steal Lucy's fish off her—with a boat hook!" Did Captain Fish chuckle?

Maria blushed and then paled. "It was my fish," she said obstinately. "You had promised it to me."

"I promised one to her every day until—until she collected her interest money. She's been hard up. Fish ain't instantly hungry. On the oval table in the low dining room was a platter. On the platter was still sizzling a delicious looking bluefish, brown and crisp from the frying pan. There were a plate of corn bread and a dish of creamed potatoes and other good things.

Miss Maria flew in from the kitchen, her cheeks a bright crimson and her black eyes snapping with some inward excitement.

"I was just going to call you to dinner, Miss Telham," she said shortly. As we sat down she bobbed her head and uttered a hasty and rather ungracious benediction over the fish platter.

"Have some fish?" she asked shortly.

"If you please. So you got one, after all?" I remarked.

"Yes, I got it," she said significantly.

"With a silver hook, I suppose," I said, with an attempt at humor.

food anyway, and you know Lucy Drake ain't got any too many brains. She needs all the fish she can eat." The captain was trying to cover his own kindness with a clumsy joke. "I promised her a fish every morning. I thought it would be easy to ketch a-plenty of 'em, but, drat it all, I never caught but one every day, and she needed it, Maria!" His tone ended in an apologetic note.

Maria Weeks arose, conscience stricken. "I took her fish—and she's hungry. I must go and see her at once. She must come to supper and"—

"I will go and ask her, Miss Maria," I said hastily, and as I went I heard Captain Fish's voice growling out some question and Maria's smothered shriek of dismay.

"Oh, Barnabas! I could never keep house on that schooner!"

I knew Maria had caught another sort of fish this time.

The "Tea Leafer."

A good deal of the tea consumed by the working classes in the days when Arthur Young complained of the addiction to this luxury had never seen either India or China. In one of John Ashton's works on England he cites a case in which a boy charged with gambling stated that the money found in his possession had been made by picking tea leaves. This led to the discovery that many persons made a living by picking sloe leaves and whitethorn leaves in the fields near Camberwell and selling them to a local cowkeeper for a penny a pound. One man said he picked from fifty to sixty pounds a day and always found a market for them. The leaves were subsequently sold to a wholesale merchant, who obtained as much as 8 shillings a pound for them under the guise of tea. The merchant was prosecuted and fined, not for adulteration, but for defrauding the revenue. And the "tea leafer" is still the slang name for the petty thief.—London Standard.

Whims of Parrots.

"It is odd," said the bird store keeper, "but it is true, how people come into a bird store and expect to open up a conversation with a parrot offhand. They fail and then make up their mind that the parrot is worthless. This will apply to a majority of seekers after a talking parrot. They do not give the bird credit for the sense it actually possesses. There are parrots valued at anywhere from $50 to $500 that will not be coaxed into conversation with a stranger nor while he is present, although they are the very best of talkers. Parrots often refuse to perform when there are purchasers looking on, but once the store is clear of them they will chatter away through their whole vocabulary as if their very lives depended on their being heard. This obstinacy often spoils good sales. Most parrots will talk to a girl or woman much quicker and freer than to a boy or a man."—Browning's Monthly.

Ostriches and Their Eggs.

A singular thing about ostriches is the way they bring up their babies. To begin with, there are a good many eggs in the nest (dug out of the hot sand), but the eggs were laid by different mothers. Ostriches do not lay eggs every day, and, being far apart, they would not hatch together. When the nest is prepared, therefore, all the ladies in the neighborhood are invited to contribute an egg apiece, the hostess returning the favor in due time.

Ostrich eggs are delicious. One weighs three pounds, or is equal to a dozen of a hen's. They are very convenient, too, for the hunters in the desert. They not only furnish a delightful meal, but a dish to cook in. The shell is hard and thick, and the egg is set on the fire, a hole is broken in the top, it is stirred with a stick, and when it is done the saucepan serves as a dish as well.—New York Tribune.

The Name of Rio de Janeiro.

Rio de Janeiro owes her name to the accident of a date and the mistake of her discovery. When Alphonso de Souza, the Portuguese navigator, found himself in the spacious bay he imagined he had found the mouth of a noble river, and because the day happened to be the 1st of January, 1531, he named the supposed river after the first month of the year. The name was not applied to the city that grew up on the slopes of the hills till many years afterward, but San Sebastian, the original name, is now almost forgotten. Rio as a city purchases the beauty of her site at the cost of health, for the giant ridges that form the beautiful background to the town shut out the breezes that might blow tropical nuisances harmlessly to sea.—London Spectator.

Astrology and War.

It has been stated on what is said to be good authority that a representative of the Prussian government asked of a French astrologer the proper time to pick a quarrel with France. After carefully comparing horoscopes of high officials he answered that any hour in the afternoon as near as possible midway between the 9th and 14th of July, 1870. On the 11th of July William snubbed Benedetti, the French emissary, and on the 12th friendly relations ceased.

Economy In the Home.

"What the land needs is an era of economy in the home."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Don't you agree with me?"

"Certainly, but—er"—

"Well?"

"Would you mind going home past my house and telling my wife about it?"—Houston Post.

Very Awkward.

"Your Albert is going bald, ain't 'e, Mrs. Smithers?"

tin' 'igh 'eaded, and it makes it very awkward for the pore dear. When 'e washes 'e 'as to keep 'is 'at on 'is 'ead to tell where 'is face finishes!"—London Mail.

Utter Waste.

"We all sigh for something unattainable."

"That's right. My wife has never been able to find any good use for the burned matches."—Washington Herald.

The Way of the World.

"Isn't it awful? According to the papers, there just seems to be one revolution after another."

"Yes. That's the way the world goes round."—Judge.

It is the peculiarity of a fool to be quick in seeing the faults of others while he is blind to his own.

The Vagabond Actor.

Moliere raised the status of the actor to a hireling clown who must amuse his king. Sir Henry Irving was even knighted by Queen Victoria, who recognized his magnificent services to dramatic art. But in all the years when Sir Henry was breaking his neck to run back and forth between Victoria's royal residences and the cities where he was playing, to set up his scenes and act for the old queen's amusement and the entertainment of her guests, he was never once officially received by her at court. He had many private audiences, which were much the same for him as to have a chat with any other old lady; but, although he was the possessor of a royal title, a favorite with the royal family and the greatest actor of his age, he never was invited or "commanded," as it is called, to Buckingham palace. The status of vagabondia clung to his garments, and he was classed with crooked nobles and other undesirables.—Archie Bell in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Courage and the Flea.

Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear, not absence of fear. Except a creature be part coward, it is not a compliment to say it is brave; it is merely a loose misapplication of the word. Consider the flea—incomparably the bravest of all the creatures of God if ignorance of fear were courage. Whether you are asleep or awake, he will attack you, caring nothing for the fact that in bulk and strength you are to him as are the massed armies of the earth to a sucking child. He lives both day and night and all days and nights in the very lap of peril and the immediate presence of death and yet is no more afraid than is the man who walks the streets of a city that was threatened by an earthquake ten centuries before. When we speak of Clive, Nelson and Putnam as men who "didn't know what fear was" we ought always to add the flea—and put him at the head of the procession.—Mark Twain.

The Original Paul Pry.

Thomas Hill, familiarly called Tommy Hill, was, says Dr. Brewer, the original Paul Pry. It was from him also that Theodore Hook drew his character of Gilbert Gurney. Planche in his "Recollections" says of Hill: "His specialty was the accurate information he could impart on all the petty details of the domestic economy of his friends, the contents of their wardrobes, their pantries, the number of pots of preserves in their store closets and of the table napkins in their linen presses, the dates of their births and marriages, the amounts of their tradesmen's bills and whether paid weekly or quarterly. He had been on the press and was connected with the Morning Chronicle. He used to drive Matthews crazy by ferreting out his whereabouts when he left London and popping the information in some paper."

Names In Electricity.

Electricity is the one branch of science that honors the great names in its fundamental terminology. Andre Marie Ampere was the French physicist who first measured the current and for whom the unit is named. The ohm bears the name of George S. Ohm, a German man of science who discovered the law on which the unit of electrical resistance is based. The volt is named for the Italian Volta, the greatest electrical authority of the eighteenth century, who was the first man to construct a rude electric battery. The farad, the unit of electrical capacity, is named in honor of the English physicist Faraday; the colomb, the unit of quantity, for the French physicist Coulomb, and the watt, the unit of power, for James Watt, the Scotch inventor who improved the steam engine.

Herbert Spencer Was Human.

Herbert Spencer in the attitude of superintending his household affairs was practical and amusing. At one time the pouliterer had not been giving satisfaction, so Mr. Spencer called his housekeeper and gave her directions to transfer his custom to another tradesman whose shop faced the delinquent's. "And, Miss Smith," said the author of "Synthetic Philosophy," "be particular that the first pouliterer sees you giving your orders to the second pouliterer!"

Always Lucky.

McConnell—Sure, isn't Larry always th' lucky b'y? Murphy—Lucky, do ye call him, whin it was only yesterday that he fell, breakin' his leg an' his narm? McConnell—Faith, an' wasn't he lucky on that occasion, wid th' accident takin' place within twinty fate of th' hospital?—Chicago News.

On the Other Hand.

"On the one hand," said the teacher, pointing a long finger to the map on

stretching country of Russia. On the other hand—what do I see on the other hand, Tommy?"

"Warts!" hazarded Tommy, hopeless with fright.

Superstitious.

"What! Did you let the examinations go by again, Carl?"

"I'll tell you, father. On the way to the college I met an old woman, and then I turned back again."—Fliegende Blatter.

The Usual Course.

Haughty Lady (who has purchased a stamp)—Must I put it on myself?

Clerk (very politely)—Not necessarily, ma'am. It will probably be better if you put it on the letter.

He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear.—Emerson.

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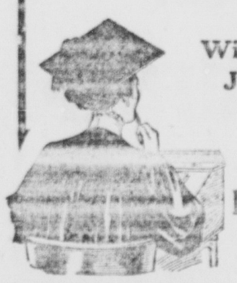
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How the Stack Was Straightened

A Story of a Mechanical Genius

By SAMUEL G. MONTFORD

"Happy the man who has found his vocation." This is an old adage which in these times, when life seems too short to learn a profession before middle age, the saying should be, "Happy the boy in whom some especial gift shows itself that can be later on turned to success."

Tom Swartout, a farmer's son, seemed to his father to be worthless because, as the older man said, he was too lazy to eat. And there was reason for the imputation. Tom detested farm work. The hoe handle would never stick to his hands, or if it did he would constantly be stopping in his work to look up in the sky at some bird soaring above and wonder how it kept a fixed position without the slightest visible motion of its wings.

Under the circumstances life was intolerable to Tom and his parents. No one can blame fathers and mothers whose children seem to be useless for showing their disappointment. Tom knew that he was a disappointment, and one night after an expression of his father's disapprobation he resolved to leave home and go somewhere else. In the morning, long before dawn and before any one was stirring on the farm, he got out of bed, dressed himself and started down the road he knew not whither.

Then followed hardships that might have been expected. A week after his departure he stopped at an open door of a factory to look in at an engine that was moving machinery distributed through a whole building. There was something in the regular and continued stroke of the piston, the steady revolution of the flywheel, that fascinated the boy. He wondered what kept it going. He had seen machinery on the farm moved by hand power, but nothing driven by heat. While he was looking the engineer, a pale man, who was evidently suffering from some disease, began to shovel coal into the furnace. The work was evidently hard on him, and he stopped to rest between every shovelful.

"I'll do that for you," said Tom.

The man looked at him, then, taking a ten cent piece from his pocket, said:

"I wish you would."

Tom put in the coal, then asked the engineer all about the engine—the principles on which it worked, what the piston accomplished, why the flywheel was there, how uniform motion was achieved and a lot of other questions. The man answered his questions and was surprised at how quickly he understood the explanations. Then Tom told him that he had left home, had no means of a livelihood and asked if he might not shovel coal and do odd jobs about the engine room.

The engineer went into the office, and when he came back told Tom that he could stay at a salary of $4 a week. The boy was beside himself with joy.

One day a wooden post that was a part of one of the machines in the building and that was intended to turn on a pivot like a rudder post began to open in fissures as it turned. Every time it turned the fissures grew larger, and it was evident the post would soon be twisted in two. Some work that had been promised the next morning was dependent on the machine, and there was no time to put in a new post. Tom stood beside the foreman, who was looking at the post not knowing what to do.

"Get some wedges," said the coal heaver, "and every time the fissures open fill them up."

The foreman turned to the begrimed boy in astonishment. Then the wedges were brought, driven in and the post was again rigid.

The incident advanced Tom many pegs in the opinion of his employers, and they tried him in various places where good work was needed, but he failed in them all. He had no aptitude for work that did not interest him. It was drudgery, and he had not been made for drudgery any more in a factory than on a farm. There seemed nothing that he could do but assist the engineer, who was a sickly man and often was obliged to absent himself from his duties. So Tom was sent back to the engine room and made assistant engineer. At this work he seemed to get on better than at anything else, for he loved the machine that could keep the mills supplied with power all day—and all night, for that matter—without getting tired. In its own field, though senseless iron, it was better than a man. The man consumes different kinds of food; coal alone would feed the engine. The man must stop for sleep and rest; the engine need never stop.

Several years passed during which Tom got no further up in the ladder of success than assistant engineer. There was a vague idea among his fellows and his employers that he was born for success, but there was a screw loose somewhere in his bodily mechanism. One day when he was a grown man his opportunity came, and the only person unconscious of its arrival was Tom himself.

He made the discovery that the smokestack, a huge brick, hollow, round tower set on a square base and a hundred feet high, had lost its original perpendicular position, veering at the top about two and a half feet. Within a few days it was found to veer six inches more. At this rate it would not be long before it would fall, not only a ruin in itself, but crushing one of the most costly wings of the factory.

The management were in sore distress. They were in the midst of their busiest maufacturing season, yet work must be stopped while the chimney, valuable as it was, must come down to be replaced by a new one. First a scaffolding to the top must be erected, brick after brick must come off, then be replaced from the bottom till the stack reached its original height, standing perpendicular from its base.

Tom, having reported the matter to his employers, was forgotten by them in their anxiety about the chimney. The same evening they called a meeting of engineers and builders to discuss some means of propping the chimney to tide them over the busy season. Not an expedient was suggested that could be relied upon. If the stack should fall and wreck the wing the loss would be far greater than that occasioned by stopping work while the chimney was being taken down and rebuilt. The propping plan was abandoned, and the meeting adjourned with the understanding that the stack must come down.

The next morning Tom Swartout in overalls went into the office of Mr. Rogers, president of the corporation, and, leaning his bare arms, black with coal dust and grease, on a rosewood railing, said reflectively:

"Mr. Rogers, I've been wondering if a way of straightening the stack I've been thinking about wouldn't work."

"You've been thinking about it! Do you know that last night we had the best engineers in the country here discussing the matter, and they all agreed the stack must come down."

Tom was about to take his departure when the president asked, "What's your plan?"

"Why, you know the base is square."

"Well?"

"And the stack leans in a perpendicular line with one of the faces of the base."

"Yes."

"Now, if a line of brick on the sides of the base other than that in the direction the stack leans could be removed the stack would settle on that side, swinging the top toward the perpendicular."

"The removal of brick under so heavy a weight would be impracticable."

"I was wondering if it couldn't be done in this way: Remove the brick at intervals, so as to leave several little pillars for support. Now, supposing we wish to take out three inches of the brick, we begin by removing six inches on the other three sides, filling up the spaces with blocks of wood of equal thickness, leaving three sides wood instead of brick. Between the blocks put in brick piers three inches high, which would leave a space of three inches, the distance required to right the stack, between the top of the piers and the top of the brick piers. This done, burn out the woodwork, and the upper brickwork of your base gradually sinks down on to the piers."

Tom made this suggestion with no more consciousness of its importance and ingenuity than if he had prepared a plan for mending a broken machine. As he progressed the president kept his eyes fixed on him with a growing interest mixed with wonder. When Tom had finished Mr. Rogers continued to stare at him for a few moments, then brought his fist down on a bell beside him. A boy came hurrying in and the president thundered out the order:

"Send the superintendent here at once!"

Within an hour Tom's plan of righting the chimney was begun and within eighteen hours had been completed. The amount of change to swing the top of the chimney into position was a matter of a brief mathematical calculation and was made before the removal of the brickwork was begun. When the woodwork had all been removed by fire the settling was found to be correct and satisfactory, and the stack stood perpendicular.

Mr. Rogers inspected the work, saw that it was good, went to his office and called for Tom Swartout. When Tom reported he hadn't the slightest idea what he was wanted for. The president handed him a check for $10,000. Tom looked at it, then at Mr. Rogers for an explanation.

"I would gladly have paid an engineer twice that sum," said the president, "for your suggestion. It has saved thousands on the stack—thousands for breach of contracts and thousands, besides, for contingent loss of business."

Tom couldn't get it through his stupid head how a little matter like that should be made so much of.

A few days after this Tom received a leave of absence to go home. Neither his father nor his mother knew him, for he had bought good clothes and looked prosperous. They welcomed him home, and when he set about supplying their every want they were thunderstruck.

"How ever did you do it, Tommy?" asked his mother, beside herself with wonder.

"Oh, I did a little job on a smokestack that any other fellow could have done as well as I, only nobody happened to think of it."

Tom Swartout was given a position at the factory, which had no name. His duties were to think out all sorts of problems that were impossible to others. He was never at a loss for a device and invented methods for expediting and bettering work which put enormous profits into the pockets of his employers and made him rich.

All this his father and mother could never understand.

Not Such a Dude as He Looked.

A prominent western man has two sons. One is big and husky, like his father, but the other is more slight, and at times he rather vexes his father by his affectation of rah-rah boy clothes and a general air of lassitude and dudishness. The two sons and the father were in the library one night, and the name of a prizefight referee came into the conversation. The rah-rah boy had been sitting by, twiddling his thumbs, but his ears pricked up at the man's name, and he drawled: "I rather like that chap. He's all right."

"What do you know about him?" the other brother asked rather contemptuously.

"Oh, he gave me a shade the best of it one night."

"Gave you the best of it?" both father and brother shouted.

"Yes. You see, I fight under the name of Young Ryan, and he counted pretty slow one time when I was down."—Saturday Evening Post.

Threatened the King.

The honor of knighthood is not one which appeals to everybody. Coke of Norfolk, who considered that he had a far better claim than the speaker to the designation of first commoner of England, strongly disliked the idea of a handle to his name. This fact was well known to George IV. When Coke was chosen to head a deputation praying the king to dismiss from his person and council those advisers who by their conduct had proved themselves alike enemies to the throne and people George announced that he would get even with him. "If Coke of Norfolk enters my presence," he declared, "I swear I'll knight him." The threat was repeated to Coke, who rejoined, "If he dares such a thing I swear I'll break his sword." And as the sturdy Norfolk squire was quite capable of doing this, George refrained from carrying out his threat.—London Chronicle.

Clumsy Breton Women.

To the casual observer the Bretonne is not attractive or even supremely interesting. As a femme de chambre she is clumsy, slovenly and rough of speech, lacking the graces and neatness of her Parisian sister. She shuffles about in felt slippers, her voluminous black skirts catch in everything, and if she waits at the table d'hote her method of handling cutlery is strongly calculated to sever one's jugular vein. She has no regularity in her work, and at the hour that she ought to be making beds she is probably sitting on the public staircase nursing her baby. She is generally married and, conversely, often ten years younger than you take her to be. To English eyes she is rarely beautiful. Her hair is trained tightly under her cap, her cheeks have seldom any delicacy of tint, and her figure and motions are ungainly and awkward.—Wide World Magazine.

Wanted a Sleeper.

A certain physician sat in a box at the theater the other night. It happened that he was the first man to take his seat in that particular box. The next man ushered in had been hitting just a few of the more elevated points in the highway prior to coming to the theater.

"Am I intruding?" he inquired ever so politely of the doctor. "Have you this section engaged all for yourself?"

"No. I haven't got it engaged all for myself. Sit down," replied the doctor brusquely, for he didn't want to encourage the stranger to carry on any extended conversation.

"All right, then," replied the stranger. "If you haven't got the whole section I'll tell the porter to go ahead and let down the upper berth."—Washington Star.

The Forehead and Health.

The forehead is the first feature of the face to show indisposition. The minute one's stomach is out of order there will be yellow spots on the brow. When one feels faint the forehead will instantly show it. When one is sick there will be freckles and pimples upon the brow, which was smooth and clear before. The forehead is as good an indication of one's general health as is the pulse.—London Globe.

Turn About.

At a Christmas dinner in Washington a statesman who had been much in the public eye was called upon after the meal to make a little speech. He rose and began: "You have been giving your attention so far to a turkey stuffed with sage. You are now about to give your attention to a sage stuffed with turkey!"

Penalty of Laziness.

Head of Department—What's this lying on my desk? The last dunning letter received from my tailor, duly initialed by all my clerks. Oh, dear! What have I done? Actually sent it around to be duly noted by the whole staff without taking the trouble to look at it!—Fliegende Blatter.

A Wrong Impression.

Fair Critic—Oh, Mr. Smear, those ostriches over there are simple perfect! You should never paint anything else but birds. Artist (sadly)—Those are not ostriches, madam. They are angels.—London Opinion.

Quite a Joker.

Tall Sophomore—O'Frat is making all kinds of money writing jokes. Fat Junior—Writing jokes? Tall Sophomore—Yes. In his letters home he tells his father he leads his class.—Chicago News.

There is not any benefit so glorious in itself that it may not be sweetened and improved by the manner of giving it.—Seneca.

Space and Time Unconquerable.

No cheating or bargaining will ever get a single thing out of nature's "establishment" at half price. Do we want to be strong? We must work. To be hungry? We must starve. To be happy? We must be kind. To be wise? We must look and think. No changing of place at a hundred miles an hour nor making of stuffs a thousand yards a minute will make us one whit stronger, happier or wiser. There was always more in the world than men could see, walked they ever so slowly; they will see it no better for going fast. And they will at last, and soon, too, find out that their grand inventions for conquering (as they think) space and time do in reality conquer nothing, for space and time are in their own essence unconquerable and, besides, did not want any conquering—they wanted using. A fool always wants to shorten space and time; a wise man wants to lengthen both. A fool wants to kill space and kill time; a wise man, first to gain them, then to animate them.—John Ruskin.

The Crow That Wears a Fool's Cap.

The following clever way of keeping crows away from a grainfield is used by the farmer of Holland: He makes some small caps of stout paper and smears around the inner side of the mouth of each some birdlime or other sticky stuff. In these he puts some grains of corn and stands them about his fields by pressing their points into soft earth. When the crow finds one of these paper caps he thinks himself in great luck until he attempts to peck at the tempting grain, when, to his astonishment, he finds the cap attached to his head—a regular fool's cap—which will not even allow him to see what course to take if he flies up. However, he succeeds in reaching some coarse grass or bushes and after much bewildered scrambling and flopping about gets his head out of this undesirable cap and ever afterward avoids the field where there are more of them.

Changing Tom Reed's Face.

Thomas B. Reed was once the victim of a printer's error the unusual aptness of which, after the first flush of indignation had subsided, appealed so strongly to his sense of the comic that he never failed to refer to the matter with the keenest gusto whenever he met the man whom he, with the utmost mock solemnity, always held responsible for it. The late Colonel John A. Cockerill's handwriting in the heat of composition was sometimes liable to lose itself in an almost interminable tangle, decipherable only with the greatest difficulty. On one occasion he undertook to say that "any one can see Tom Reed has the face of an honest man," but was horrified when he opened his paper the following morning and found that the types made him say that "any one can see Tom Reed has a face like a harvest moon."

The Feet of Chameleons.

Chameleons, as no doubt readers are aware, all belong to the old world, and particularly to Africa. In their tongue, their feet and their eyes they differ remarkably from other lizards. Their feet, though possessing five toes, are divided into two grasping groups, looking like a hand in mittens, and only by close examination you perceive the presence of the two or the three opposing respectively, but so close together as to appear like one broad one. On the padded soles or palms of these grasping limbs you can feel and see the small—may one say—palpi, which enable them to grasp so firmly that it is difficult to detach a chameleon from its foothold. These clinging feet, together with their prehensic tail, enable them to sustain themselves on the branches in the strongest gale.

He Was Paralyzed.

The bell rang, and when she went to the door she found a sad faced woman.

"Please, mum, can you help me some? I got six children an' me husband is paralyzed."

"Why, certainly. Here's a quarter. Where is your husband?"

"He's in jail, mum."

"In jail! Why, what is he in jail for?"

"For gittin' paralyzed, mum!"—New York Journal.

Figure It Out.

A farmer takes some pigs to market in a basket. He puts the first in with its head poining one way and the next with its head in the opposite direction, the next with its head pointing the same way as the first, and so on. He stops when he has three heads pointing one way and three tails the other. How many pigs does he put in?

Taken at His Word.

He (after marriage)—What! You have no fortune? You said over and over again that you were afraid some one would marry you for your money. She—Yes, and you said over and over again that you would be happy with me if I hadn't a cent. Well, I haven't a cent.

The Sudden Shock.

"Your wife has received some sudden shock. What has happened?"

"I don't know, doctor. I came home early last night"—

"Ah, that presumably accounts for it."—Washington Herald.

Bad Enough.

Magistrate—Do you know that drink drives a man into bad company? Prisoner—Yes, your honor. It brought me before you.—Philadelphia Times.

One of Those Questions.

"It was his third attempt at suicide."

"And didn't he succeed at either of the others?"—New York Press.

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Bellefonte for Mill Hall 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A M., 3:56 and 8:35 P M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.20	2.07
	Morris	∮ 6.38	.....	f 2.12
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.24
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.32
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7.25	11.10	5.30
	Strubles	f 7.27	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily, ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	f 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	11.50	f 5.03
	Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.09
	Waddles	8.20	12.10	f 5.25
	Briarly	f 8.24	.....	5.27
	Fillmore	f 8.28	12.18	f 5.36
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	12.30	f 5.50
Ar.	Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	f 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with trains No. 3 and 5 for State College. Afternoon trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

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UNITED MEDICAL CO., BOX 74, LANCASTER, PA.

Sold in Bellefonte by C. M. Parish

Here and There.

Mrs. J. L. Seibert will entertain at five hundred on Saturday afternoon.

David F. Fortney departed on Saturday on a business trip to New York.

The Woman's Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. will meet in the Y. M. C. A. hall on Monday evening, February 5, at eight o'clock.

Mrs. Abram Armstrong, who has been in failing health for some time past, was on Sunday removed to the Bellefonte hospital. Her condition is critical.

Mr. and Mrs. John Watson entertained very delightfully on Tuesday evening at their home on Penn Street. About twenty-five guests were in attendance.

Communion services will he held in the Reformed church at Zion, next Sunday afternoon at 2.30. Preparatory services will be held Saturday afternoon at the same hour.

William R. Gainfort. 108 East Curtin Street, expects to commence his next shorthand class on Monday evening, Feb. 5th. Those wishing to join will please apply at once.

The quarantine on the home of Mr. and Mrs Robert T. Garman, at Tyrone, has been lifted. Their three children, who had been quite ill from diphtheria, are about fully recovered.

Morton Smith, one of the right-hand men at the Bellefonte postoffice, is laid up with a severe attack of tonsilitis. If the mails are late today blame it on Morton and he will blame it on the tonsilitis.

Edwin J. Hadley's celebrated moving picture travel tours will give a return engagement at Garman's Opera House on Wednesday and Thursday, February 7 and 8. Adults, 25 cents. children, 10 cents.

Don't miss tonight, the last night of Hugh Foy and "Little Miss Kut-Up" at Garman's Opera House Its a musical comedy. Ask those who were at the opera house last night. Prices, 25, 35 and 50 cents.

The condition of Dr. M. J. Locke and Dr. H. S. Braucht, both of whom were operated on last week for appendicitis, was said at the Bellefonte hospital last night to be entirely satisfactory. Both patients are making a rapid recovery.

Walter H. Traub, a student in Susquehanna University, at Selinsgrove, Pa., will occupy the pulpit in the Bellefonte Lutheran church on Sunday, next, both morning and evening. All members and also friends of the congregation are urged to be present.

Thomas Shaughnessy, proprietor of the cigar store and pool room in the Brockerhoff House, fell on the icy sidewalks on Allegheny Street on Sunday evening and fractured one of his arms near the wrist. He was returning home from church at the time.

Thomas Toot, an old soldier and at one time a resident of Bellefonte, died on Sunday morning at Philadelphia. Burial was made in that city Tuesday. He is survived by two sons, John and Peter, of Lock Haven, and one daughter, Mrs. Mary Burns, of Red Bank.

Two young boys last week grabbed a carton of cigarets at Alter's cigar store and shooting gallery and skipped off with them while Joseph Alter wasn't looking. Chief of Police Dukeman nabbed the pair and on promise to make restitution Mr. Alter very considerately agreed to drop the matter.

The Woman's Club desires to have it known that their several members are collecting old newspapers, magazines, books without covers, rags, etc., to sell the same and devote the proceeds to the Bellefonte hospital. Persons having any of the articles mentioned are requested to save them for a collection to be made early in February and another late in March.

The venerable Michael Kerstetter, who lives near Bellefonte, yesterday fell on the icy sidewalk in front of the home of his daughter, Mrs. Samuel D. Gettfg. He was somewhat bruised and his back suffered a rather severe wrench, but fortunately no bones were broken and despite the fact that he is 75 years of age Mr. Kerstetter was soon able to be about as usual.

One would naturally think that a horse doctor would stick to the horse with the same tenacity that a shoemaker sticks to his last. This is not so, however, with Dr. S. M. Nissley, the Bellefonte veterinary surgeon. On Monday he secured through George A. Beezer a nobby Franklin runabout. It is no stretch of the truth to say that the car is one of the neatest seen in Bellefonte in many a day

Isaac Chambers, son of Colonel and Mrs. E. R. Chambers, who went down to Philadelphia last week to visit his brother, Fred, has already connected with a nice position with the Curtis Publishing Company. This is the company which publishes the "Ladies Home Journal," the "Saturday Evening Post" and also the "Country Gentleman." Isaac has been made cost clerk in the general office. He will make his home in West Philadelphia.

Joseph Lucas, the 4-years-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lucas, died at their home in Pitcairn on Friday morning last from membranous croup. The remains were brought to this place on Saturday and taken to the home of the child's grardfather, Arista Lucas, in Bush Hollow, from which place funeral services were held on Sunday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, conducted by Rev. R. S. Oyler, of Milesburg. The young parents have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.

Two very genial and welcome visitors to Bellefonte yesterday were Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Lucas, of Howard. They came up to spend the day with Mrs. John Meese. It will be recalled that Mr. Lucas' son, Thomas, was several weeks ago held up and assaulted and then robbed by thugs at Silver Creek, near Buffalo, N. Y. Word received by Mr. Lucas this week was to the effect that his son was able to be down stairs last Sunday for the first time since his unfortunate experience. It seems that in addition to receiving a vicious blow with a club on the back of the head he was also struck on the side. The physicians for a time feared that he would have concussion of the brain, but fortunately this was avoided and he now is on the road to recovery. He holds a splendid position as an instructor in a business college at Pottsville.

Peter Lones, of State College, was a business visitor in town on Monday.

D. F. Garber, of Centre Hall, transacted business in town between traius on Saturday.

M. A. Landsey, the well known artist, made a flying business trip to Pittsburg last week.

Miss Isabel McNelis, of Tyrone, was the guest of Bellefonte friends on Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Crider departed on Monday afternoon for Atlantic City, planning to be gone about two weeks.

Miss Eva Crissman, who enjoyed a short visit with friends in Sunbury and Williamsport, returned home on Friday of last week.

Miss Margaret Kent and Miss Mary Potter, of Centre Hall, were pleasant visitors with Bellefonte friends several days last week.

Miss Josephine White last week returned to her home in this place, after a delightful visit with her sister, Miss Marie White, in Williamsport.

The Philipsburg High School basketball team on Friday evening of last week defeated the Bellefonte High School team, at Bellefonte, 53 to 13.

Isaac Chambers, son of Col. and Mrs. E. R. Chambers, is enjoying a visit of several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Chambers, in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd A. Musser, of Scranton, who were called to State College by the tragic death of the former's father, returned home on Thursday.

The Western Union Telegraph and Bell Telephone offices in Bellefonte have been consolidated and in the future will be under the supervision of W. S. Mallalieu.

Mrs. James Burns, of Snow Shoe, on Friday of last week was admitted to the Lock Haven hospital for an operation, which is reported to have been in every way successful.

Misses Gertrude and Lillie Claster, of Lock Haven, were guests several days last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cohen, on Spring Street, returning to Lock Haven on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Kelley, of Altoona, spent Sunday at the home of the former's sister, Mrs. Charles McCoy, on Thomas Street, who has been confined to her home with bronchitis.

Misses Sue Wallace, Adaline Rankin, Adaline Robb, Helen Denius, Della Cross and Marie Gherrity made up a jolly party to State College, where they attended a dance last Friday night.

That appendicitis is no longer a respecter of persons and also of years was demonstrated last week when Thomas Anderson, 13 years old, was taken to the Bellefonte hospital for an operation.

Samuel F. Crabtee, of Tyrone, formerly of Philipsburg, and Miss Elizabeth Grammer, of Newark, N. J., were married at the latter place on Wednesday, January 24th. They will reside at Tyrone.

Henry Strouse, of Salona, and Mrs. May Morrison, of Los Angeles, California, were married at Salona on Thursday of last week, Rev. W. A. Graham, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, officiating.

Miss Verna Krape, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Krape, formerly of Flemington, but now of Johnsonburg, and Harry Callahan, of Flemington, were married at the home of the bride's parents on Friday evening of last week. They will reside at Lock Haven.

Mrs. Joseph Gessinger, an aged resident of Coleville, last Friday had the misfortune to fall and fracture an arm, between the wrist and elbow. It so happened that she was alone at the time. George Robb happened along and learning of her plight summoned a physician and also some neighbors, who very gladly responded and helped her through the emergency.

One of the biggest and most enjoyable surprises of the season was that experienced by James B. Stere on last Wednesday evening. Mr. Stere, on returning from his work about 9 P. M., was dumbfounded on finding his home thronged with friends, who had gathered in honor of his 29th birthday anniversary. A most delightful evening was spent by all. Miss Laura Rumberger furnished some music for which she is noted. Three large tables, heavily laden with good things, soon filled all empty feelings. It was along about midnight when the friends departed for their respective homes, wishing Jim many more equally happy natal days. Those who were present included Mr. and Mrs. F. A Holderman, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brugger, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stere, Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Peters, Mrs. Sadie Emerick, Miss Mary Shipley, Misses Mary and Bessie Lonsberry, Mrs. W. U. Irvin and son, Boyd, Mrs. D. E. Fisher, J. H. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Stere, Mrs. H. E. Holtzworth, Misses Margaret Rumberger, Mary R. Griest, Eloise Buck and Myrtle McKlincey.

Mrs. Ada M. VanTries Dead

Mrs. Ada Mary VanTries wife of William N. VanTries, of Union Furnace, died on Thursday night of last week at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ellis M Reamy, at Tyrone. She had been ill for some time and it was believed that she was recovering when the end came suddenly, the result of heart failure. The deceased was a daughter of Samuel and Nancy Musser, and was born at Marengo, January 4, 1863, her age being 49 years and 21 days. On December 3, 1891, at Fairbrook, she was married to William N. VanTries. They resided at Loveville, and then in the vicinity of Pennsylvania Furnace, until three years ago when they removed to Union Furnace. Mrs. VanTries was a follower of her Master in active church membership since she was thirteen years of age. Surviving are her husband and four children, Emma Belle, Perry Gordon, Samuel Musser and Eva Christina, all at home; also her mother, and the following sisters and brothers: Mrs. Ella M. Reamy, Mrs. E. E. McClintock, Edward R., Dr. W. S., J. Howard, Irvin M. and Marshall C. Musser, all of Tyrone; Mrs. Curry H. Love, of Clifton, Arizona; and Mrs. L. M. Houser, of Pennsylvania Furnace.

George B. Campbell Dead.

Just as the church bells were calling worshipers together on Sunday morning the spirit of George B. Campbell, of Fairbrook passed into the Great Beyond. He had been ill but a few days, his death being due to pneumonia. Burial was made today in Meek's church yard, the pastor, Rev. S. J. Pittinger, officiating and paying a beautiful tribute to the memory of the deceased. Mr. Campbell was a son of the late James W. and Mary Pennington Campbell and was born on the old homestead near Meek's church on December 2, 1845. He resided on an adjoining farm all his life, meeting with considerable success as a farmer and stock raiser. He was a devout member of the Methodist Epscopal church and served as a trustee for many years In April, 1873, he married Miss Mariah Potter, of Linden Hall. She preceded him to the grave in Novemper, 1910 Three children survive: Isaac, Bertha and Agnes; also one brother, G. W., of Harper County, Kansas, and three sisters, Mrs. Joshua Williams, of Tyrone; Mrs. Eliza Miller, of Denver, and Mrs. Mollie Phophet, of Altoona.

Mrs. Anna E. Evey Dead.

Mrs. Anna Elizabeth Houser Evey, widow of the late Uriah Evey, died on Monday morning, January 29, at Pleasant Gap after an illness of but a few days. Her death was due to a complication of diseases. Funeral services were held today at Houserville, conducted by Rev. G. E. Smith, pastor of the United Brethren church, assisted by Rev. Mr. Engler, of Pleasant Gap. Interment was made in the cemetery at Houserville. Deceased was born at Houserville, April 22, 1847. She was married in Bellefonte to Uriah Evey on February 2, 1865. During the greater part of her life she was an active member of the United Brethren church. Surviving are the following children: William Evey, of Bellefonte; Harry, of WarriorsMark; Edgar, of Akron, Ohio; Mrs. Charles Zettle, Mrs. Samuel Zettle, Mrs. Harry Griffith and Lizzie and Zella, all of Pleasant Gap. The following brother and sisters also survive: Mrs. D. L. Hite and Mrs. William Schreck, of Lemont, and James Houser, of Peru.

Mrs. Millard Peightal Dead

Mrs. Millard Peightal died on Thursday of last week at her late home in Philipsburg, after an illness of but a few days. Funeral services were held on Saturday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. The deceased, whose maiden name was Miss Nannie Howder, was born at Jacksonville on April 8, 1849, making her age 62 years, 9 months and 17 days. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Howder, long since deceased, were honored residents of Jacksonville. She was united in marriage in Philipsburg on November 23rd, 1872, to Millard Peightal, who, though in very feeble health, survives, together with the following children, viz: Orin H., Curwensville; Katie, wife of Marshall Sheriff, of Derry, and F. Clair, of Tyrone, all of whom were at her bedside when she passed away. Two sisters, Mrs. William Blake, of Hontzdale, and Mrs. Sue Wilson, of Lewisburg, also survive. Another sister, Mrs. S. B. Parker, this city, passed away several years ago.

Mrs. G. W. Twitmyer Dead.

Mrs. Johanna R. Twitmyer, wife of Dr. G. W. Twitmyer, died at her late home at Wilmington, Del., on Tuesday night, January 23, aged about 60 years. Her husband is superintendent of the city schools at Wilmington. Funeral services were held at Wilmington on Friday, January 26, at 2 o'clock. Deceased was born at Julian, was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christian Reese and was married about forty years ago to Dr. Twitmyer. Her husband and the following children survive: Dr. Edwin, doctor of philosophy at the University of Pennsylvania; Joseph, of Buffalo, N. Y., and George, of Cleveland, Ohio. The following brothers and sisters also survive: Dr. Reese, of Clearfield; Aaron, of Port Matilda; Joseph, who lives in the West; Mrs. Kathryn Burket and Mrs. Alexander Hoover, of Julian.

Death of John Stiver.

John Stiver, one of Centre county's oldest and most highly esteemed citizens, died on Friday at his home near Martha, aged 86 years, 2 months and 15 days. The funeral was held on Sunday, with interment in the Williams' cemetery, near Martha. A lerge concourse of friends were present. The deceased had been a member of the Baptist church for about forty years. Besides his wife, a sister Mrs. Lizzie Shellenberger, of Philipsburg, and a brother, William, of Julian, he leaves to mourn his death the following sons and daughters, viz: Lizzie, wife of David Heaton, near Martha; Wilson, of near Martha; Thomas, at home, and Annie, wife of John Williams, who also resides near Martha.

Examinations for Postmaster.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces that on February 17th an examination will be held at Snow Shoe, Pa., as a result of which it is expected to make certification to fill a contemplated vacancy in the position of fourth class postmaster of class B at Clarence. The compensation of the postmaster at this office was $382 for the last fiscal year. Application forms and full information concerning the requirements of the examination can be secured from the postmaster at Clarence.

Death of a Bright Child.

Joseph Arista Lucas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Lucas, of Pitcairn, died at his home last Friday morning, at 6 o'clock, from croup. He was about two and one-half years old and was a bright child, possessing a loving disposition which had closely endeared him to all. God seeing that he was too fair a flower for this earth transplanted him into the garden of His eternal love. Surviving are his parents and one little sister, who deeply mourn his early demise. The remains were brought to the residence of Arista Lucas, at Unionville, from which place the funeral services were held on Sunday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, Rev. R. S. Oyler officiating. Interment was made in the Bush Grove cemetery.

Death of Octogenarian.

Levi Yingling. for fifty years a resident of Philipsburg, lately living at Clearfield, died on Wednesday of last week at Clearfield. Deceased was born in Blair County and was aged 83 years, 1 month and 16 days.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

George W. Murray, Emma McDonald,	Julian "
John E. Fisher, Mary E. Confer,	Waddle "

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— OF —
Harness Store

A large quantity of heavy and light harness, collars, robes, blankets, bells, whips, fly-nets, wagon grease, harness leather and sole leather, safe sewing machine, show cases, etc.,

25 to 50 per cent Reductions

Sale will continue during next few days at store room in the Crider Exchange formerly occupied by William M. McClure

Store room also for rent. Will be suitably repaired for tenant.

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Real Bargains in Everyday Hardware. Not junk or unsalable goods.

Nearly everything in the store at greatly reduced prices.

Come in and See for Yourself

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Ladies' Cravanetted
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ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF
$15 Garment at $9.98

This is a fine loose model, made of cravanetted garbardine cloth, absolutely waterproof. High military colar, flap pockets, straps on cuffs. Colors olive and tan. Sizes 32 to 46. Being wholesalers we are able to quote you a price on this coat, that other merchants have to pay for themselves. Remember this is a coat that retails everywhere at $15.00 while our price is 9.98

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All sizes from 28 to 48 waist. Just the thing to finish out the winter with if you cannot afford a new suit, of which we have plenty left and which are being sold at the same reduction, 30%.

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in our sales. Come and see the values we are offering. It is our semi-annual clearing out.

Enough said.

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